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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

CAMILLO CASTIGLIONI

AMONG the overnight Crœsuses that war and post-war profiteering produced in Austria, two names stand out above all others: Siegmund Bosel, the youngest and most successful of these adventurers, and Camillo Castiglioni, his chief rival. The latter has now become the hero, or the villain, of the most sensational financial scandal since the war.

A Vienna correspondent of *Kölnische Zeitung* gives the following brief summary of Castiglioni's career: —

Camillo Castiglioni, the son of a Trieste rabbi, was an unknown man eight years ago. He was then a minor employee of the Semperit Rubber Works, without either influential connections or property. He began to contract for deliveries to the Austro-Hungarian army with borrowed money. Like thousands of other army contractors, he made quick profits and rapidly enlarged his operations. But these contracts were not what made him a billionaire. He became a billionaire through the fall of the crown. He bought securities right and left, either on time payments or with borrowed money. He then paid in depreciated crowns for what he had bought for good crowns. The more rapid the depreciation of the currency and the poorer other people became, the wealthier he grew. So he suddenly discovered himself one of the richest of the new rich.

Meanwhile he had extended his operations still further by acquiring interests in great industrial undertakings. Having elected to become an Italian citizen when Trieste was annexed to Italy, he bought heavily into the Fiat Company, thereby acquiring a controlling interest in the greatest Austrian iron and steel works, the Alpine Montangesellschaft. The Italians lost money by the operation, but Castiglioni, who got Stinnes to buy the Alpine shares from the Italians, is still president of the latter concern. He was soon the controlling owner of a series of electric and chemical works and paper mills. As his business continued to expand, he became president of the Vienna Deposit Bank [which has since failed and whose officers are under indictment] and made that institution an instrument for his financing. He no longer confined his ventures to Austria, but systematically extended his activities to all the Succession States.

After leaving the Deposit Bank, he founded an institution of his own and indulged in the luxury of running three unprofitable Vienna newspapers as his

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mouthpieces to the public. His art collection was soon one of the most valuable in Vienna. He placed more than twelve billion crowns at the disposal of Max Reinhart to rebuild the Josefstädter Theatre. Now and then he had slight misunderstandings concerning large sums owed for taxes and customs duties, but he was a master of compromise. Probably his Italian citizenship helped him not a little in these difficulties. [The Italian Embassy at Vienna is alleged to have interested itself in his affairs.] . . . He is said to have intimate connections with Mussolini, and only a few months ago was honored with the highest Italian order.

Taxes and customs duties? By staving off these bills, which mounted to billions in the steadily depreciating currency, he was able to pay them eventually in money worth but a fraction of its value at the time the bills were actually due.

Neue Zürcher Zeitung thus describes Castiglioni at the height of his success: —

We saw him last at the opening night of the 'Actors' Theatre in Josefstadt, under the direction of Max Reinhart.' He sat in a box — black, massive, double-chinned, bull-necked, his eyes sparkling merrily with a sense of triumph, and with good humor toward everyone. At his side was a wonderfully beautiful young woman — the former actress Iphigenie Buchmann. Hovering around the box in the brilliantly lighted background was his staff of 'General Representatives,' as the leading officers of his firm were called. He sat there, with his Nero's head and Cæsar's pose, receiving the bows of Max Reinhart when he was called before the curtain by the enthusiastic audience at the end of the third act. *Ave Cæsar!* Each bowed to the other — the king of the stage to the money king of Austria, who had bought the private car of ex-Emperor Charles for his personal use and traveled in it by special train whenever he visited Berlin, Budapest, or Milan.

The ebb in Castiglioni's fortunes began with the sudden rehabilitation of the franc last spring. A correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung* describes his quick decline as follows: —

Castiglioni's gigantic fortune was made during the years of inflation by vast operations in mark and crown credits. When the currencies of Central Europe were stabilized, Castiglioni neglected to unload his debts in time. They were rapidly increased by heavy interest-rates, while the securities for whose purchase they had been incurred shrank abruptly in value, often to a tenth of their former nominal worth. Added to this was the collapse of last spring's franc speculation, in which Castiglioni had engaged on an immense scale.

In other words, Castiglioni was the victim of what one writer calls 'inflation mentality.' He imagined the franc would repeat the history of the crown.

With his waning fortunes and prestige, enemies and rivals hastened to attack him, and he is now a defendant against criminal charges in the Vienna courts. Meanwhile all his property, including great quantities of securities, palaces and country estates, and an art collection said to be worth between ten and fifteen million dollars, has passed into the hands of an Italian bank, which is undertaking to liquidate the affairs of the fallen financial dictator.

Castiglioni gambled . . . against the League of Nations, against the Dawes Plan, against a return of stable currency, against the reconstruction of the continent. This bold campaign of a speculation Cæsar, of a Ludendorff of inflation, against the business welfare of Europe has met a final and disastrous defeat.

✤

THE TROUBLES IN GEORGIA

LAST September sensational reports flooded the Continental and British press to the effect that a general revolution had broken out in Georgia

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and spread to the adjacent countries. Some English dispatches represented the Bolshevist armies as burning village after village, and slaughtering the population by thousands. Pictures of murdered Georgian patriots appeared in the Paris press. What was the sum and substance of this uprising, so thrillingly reported at the beginning and so soon forgotten?

The whole story has not been told, but it has given rise to a thrifty crop of interesting allegations. Mr. Rakovskii, late President of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic and recently a negotiator for the Moscow Government at London, informed a *Manchester Guardian* correspondent that the whole affair was merely a trifling 'movement' in a remote part of Georgia that did not spread beyond territories occupied by less than fifteen per cent of the population, and that it was suppressed by the local authorities by ordinary police measures without calling in the assistance of the Red Army. He asserted that papers seized by the local authorities in Georgia — which is an autonomous republic inside the Soviet Federation — included five proclamations printed before the uprising occurred, declaring that all of Georgia, Azerbaijan, and Daghestan were in revolt, and that the movement had spread to Russia. These papers, Mr. Rakovskii declared, were distributed from Paris, and their purpose was partly to exert influence in favor of the Mensheviki at the League Conference in Geneva, and to create sentiment against the ratification of a treaty between Great Britain and Russia, and the resumption of diplomatic relations between France and Russia.

So far as actual events in Georgia were concerned, the Soviet account probably comes much nearer to the truth than the sensational reports in the European press. Paul Scheffer, a responsible German bourgeois correspondent, writing to *Berliner Tageblatt* from Tiflis early in October, described a trip he made by automobile from that city to the disturbed region in company with a local university professor. Neither one of them carried arms, and their pleasant excursion was interrupted only by a couple of breakdowns, which the mountaineer villagers kindly helped them repair. There had been some trouble, but it was suppressed in three days without employing military forces. But he adds: 'Mogilevski, head of the Caucasian Cheka, told me that, including the execution of forty-four prisoners who had been incarcerated in Tiflis for some time and had been convicted of fomenting armed revolution, about 320 people in all were shot as a result of the uprising.'

Several correspondents familiar with conditions in Georgia believe that the disaffected partisans were encouraged in their attempt to overthrow the Soviet Government by British and French interests, which are intriguing to get control of the rich deposits of manganese ore and petroleum lying between the Black and the Caspian Seas.

A British Labor man named Fineberg — who was in Batum at the time when dispatches in the London *Daily Herald* reported, 'The Bolsheviki have disembarked at Batum and are making terrible reprisals on the population, massacring the old men, women, and children' — asserted in a communication to that paper that there was no observable trouble in that city or the country around it during his sojourn. He did find one of the provincial towns protected by a cordon of armed civilians, commanded by a Georgian who knew little Russian and who said this was merely a precautionary measure.

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In Tiflis itself we saw no signs of anything unusual. Life seemed to be going on with the easy vivacity and bustle customary to that fascinating town. There was not the least sign of military activity. Only the fact that one now and again saw workmen going to and from their work with rifles slung over their shoulders went to bear out the newspaper reports that there had been disturbances in Georgia. . . . It was an astonishing thing to come back from Georgia and to read the reports in the European press of the atrocities alleged to have been committed in Georgia and the large-scale fighting which is supposed to be going on, especially in Tiflis and Batum.

Vorwärts, the official organ of the German Socialists, and as bitter an opponent of the Bolsheviki as any bourgeois daily, declares the revolt was encouraged and provoked by Soviet secret agents, to whom spies had betrayed the movements of their opponents, and who sought an excuse for putting the latter out of the way.

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THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN

By the time these lines are published the results of the English election will be known to our readers and the incidents and arguments of the short but acrimonious campaign that preceded it will no longer be current news. The crystallization of sentiment for and against the Labor Party came with dramatic suddenness — as indeed was imperative if alignments were to be drawn in time to prove effective in the brief electoral battle.

None of the three party programmes would be rated Conservative — indeed other than Progressive — in the United States. All three departed from the *laissez faire* doctrines of the old-time Liberals and professed to favor generous State assistance to numerous welfare movements. All parties endeavored to clarify the campaign by putting their points of difference in a nutshell. It was symbolical of this that the Liberal *Westminster Gazette* and the Independent but anti-Socialist London *Times* came out simultaneously with leaders entitled 'The Broad Issue.' Speaking from the bourgeois side, Mr. Garvin in the *Observer* defined that issue thus: —

Labor's set prejudice against capital tends to paralyze the very heart of economic action in this country. We need above all things the utmost efficiency both of capital and labor. We need the fullest coöperation between them. It is futile to separate them or to dream of eliminating one of them. It is economic death to antagonize them by theory and system. Capital must be more and more humanized and liberalized in its relations with labor. It must be compelled more and more definitely to harmonize its operations with the general welfare of society. But on these conditions we not only require the continued force of capital and individual initiative — we have to encourage positively the utmost strength and enterprise of capital; we have even to raise it to a higher power. There is no escape from this. If we will not do this, then our disadvantages in trade, and our consequent unemployment, must accumulate until we are sunk beyond redemption.

The *Daily Herald*, speaking for Labor, declared the following to be the real questions at stake: —

Shall we keep things as they are?

Shall we let the rich continue to get richer and the poor to grow poorer?

Shall we perpetuate the old evil suspicion and fear among nations, which are certain to lead to war again, or pursue the Ramsay MacDonald road of good will, sanity, and peace?

Shall we allow profiteers to levy their oppressive taxes on the food of the people, or, by the methods described at the Labor Party Conference yesterday, cause that food to be sold at vastly cheaper rates?

Shall we provide work and wages for many unemployed, and make bread cheaper

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at the same time, by doing business with Russia on the only terms she will agree to, or shall we throw away those benefits in order to indulge self-harming spite and prejudice?

Shall we make Mr. Wheatley's great Housing Scheme a success or leave it to be wrecked by malicious and bungling administrators?

✽

AMERICAN POLICY IN CHINA

THE *China Weekly Review*, which represents American interests in the Far East, does not like what it regards as our vacillating policy in China. For example, it believes the Peking Government has turned the Chinese Eastern Railway back to Russia in disregard of America's desire that this line should remain under Chinese control as part of the unified railway system of China because it was dealing with a negotiator that was consistent as well as persistent: —

China did not make this decision because she loves Russia more than she does America. She made this decision because Russia is an actuality. China knows Russia and can always place her in the proper pigeonhole. In other words, China knows what 's what in respect to her diplomatic relations with Russia. But when China turns to the question of dealing with the United States, or at least with the State Department, she cannot approach the question with similar confidence. China knows that America has always been friendly with China and that upon innumerable occasions in the past America has helped China. But it is not the sort of help which can be depended upon. China knows perfectly well that America is always ready with friendly advice, but the occasions have been altogether too frequent when America has fallen down at the crucial point. To offer a simile, America in her relations with China is a good deal like the sanctimonious old deacon in the church who is always ready with an abundance of prayers and advice for the unfortunate members of his congregation, but when it comes to the point of extending actual help and protection — well, he is n't there.

✽

THE PRINCE IN AMERICA

THE soberer British press was not effusive in its comment on the visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States, but his reception and experiences in our country were recorded in papers appealing to a more vulgar clientele with a fullness that more than made up for this restraint. The London *Outlook* says: —

The publicity that has attended the Prince of Wales's visit to America has been unprecedented. The slightest incident has been cabled across and magnified out of proportion in the popular press. But our sins of intrusion into privacy have been nothing compared with those of the American press. Copies of New York papers are full of the Prince, and not only of him but of everyone in any way associated with him. An example was the Prince's sparring partner, who in a bout was struck lightly on the mouth, only to have his picture appear on the front page of a New York newspaper under the caption, 'Biffed by the Prince.' One may deplore the taste of such publicity, but it goes with modern democracy, and I must say that His Royal Highness has taken it in good part and with the best of humor.

Seriously, however, the Prince of Wales has captured the heart and imagination of the American public as no other royal visitor ever has. The visit has done much to dispel that latent antagonism to royalty which so long was part of the American creed. America has seen in the Prince of Wales a young man, sympathetic to many aspects of American life, who can be informal and mingle democratically with the people. They like his sportsmanship and lack of pose. More than an official ambassador, more than all sentimental talk about cousinship and hands across the sea, the Prince of Wales's visit has cemented friendship and good-will between the two great English-speaking countries.

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MINOR NOTES

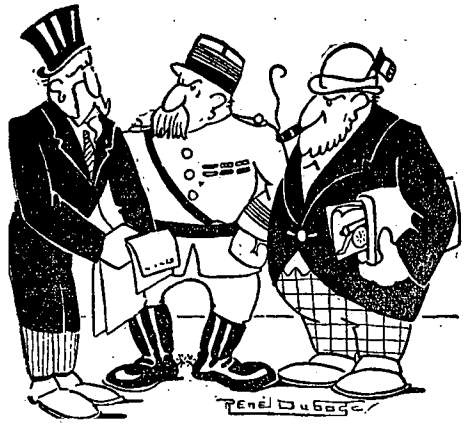
STEPAN RADITCH, the Croat peasant leader, who recently had an interview with the King by royal invitation, told a correspondent of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* not long before that he believed the Balkan problem a question of democracy. He added: 'Rakovskii takes the same view at Moscow. Yugoslavia hitherto has not had a democratic government. The stability of the throne in every monarchy depends upon the king keeping step with democracy, and not lagging behind it or opposing it. I find that opinion universal. A very vital question is the problem of the proper treatment of minorities. The Soviet authorities make their policy of pushing propaganda or refraining from propaganda in each Balkan country dependent upon the extent to which the government of that country is true to democratic principles and protects its political minorities. . . . We must resume full diplomatic relations with Russia.'

MR. EDO FEMMEN, until recently Secretary of the International Federation of Trade-Unions, has just published a book arguing in favor of a United States of Europe. Other organizations — for instance, the Pan-Europa Society, fathered by Count Coudenhove-Kalergi at Vienna — have the same object in view, but are actuated primarily by political motives, chiefly the desire to avoid war. Mr. Femmen, who is a man of considerable authority in the Labor world, sees the problem from an economic slant. He believes, first of all, that the internationalization of capital must be met by the internationalization of labor. But capital is easily internationalized compared with a human force hampered by human weaknesses and prejudices, like great labor organizations. Ergo, there must be political unity to facilitate trade-union unity.

BEFORE THE GERMAN ELECTION

The Reichstag — shall we keep it? — *Lachen Links*

THOSE CRAFTY GERMANS



'I hear they 're holding a Peace Congress at Berlin.'

'Just to irritate us, I suppose.' — *L'Ère Nouvelle*

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GENEVA ASPECTS

BY A PARIS OBSERVER

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, September 22*
(PARIS LIBERAL FOREIGN-AFFAIRS WEEKLY)

GENEVA, capital of nations! Geneva, capital of the world! Fine names, which the hurried traveler, keen with curiosity and hope, who on September 1 descended the Rue du Mont-Blanc toward the Lake, in the midst of a little procession of diplomats and journalists, was inclined to take at face value. Fine names, but a trifle ambitious, which the same traveler rejected with some irritation after he had been in town a week and had found nothing but the permanent Secretariat, the barren Hall of the Reformation with its cackling lobby, a couple of hotels, three restaurants, a Calvinized casino, and a pale effigy of Maxim's. For Geneva, though she is more attractive than most provincial cities, though she is bright, varied, open to all the breezes, flat, mountainous, and tidy, has not accelerated the rhythm of her life one particle during these last four years. And all the diplomatic bustle in the world, which reaches a climax here during this already traditional first week of September, has not communicated the slightest thrill to the tranquil pedestrian on the street.

Geneva is illuminated during the evening. Festoons of electric lamps have been strung along the low bridges and the curving quays. Their light is reflected prettily from the water. Yet this is a modest and tranquil celebration, a sort of mirage of pleasures hoped for and never attained. Gossip has it that Mlle. Hélène Vacaresco, returning on foot one evening from the Métropole to the Bergues, stopped, leaned over the railing of the bridge of boats permanently moored between the Isle Jean-Jacques and the quays, meditatively watched the Rhone flow beneath, and after a moment sighed in her divine voice: 'All the same! How it hurries toward France!'

On the fourth of September Ramsay MacDonald mounted the tribune of the Hall of the Reformation — an unforgettable moment. The British Premier struck the palm of his left hand with his right fist so hard that the microphones jumped. The audience listened in tense silence. But M. Briand, in his seat, leaning over his wooden desk, drew an enormous 'B' on a sheet of paper. He shaded it carefully and deliberately, first up and down, then diagonally, one line after another. By the time M. Briand had finished this trifling task Mr. MacDonald had also finished his speech. Thunders of applause shook the hall. During a moment's silence someone said, half aloud: 'A Trafalgar Square speech.' M. Briand raised his head.

The lower corridors of the Hotel Victoria communicate with the Hall of the Reformation. That is the true *Salon de la Paix*. One encounters there whirlwinds within whirlwinds. A journalist, after a bad meal, called it 'a desert of men.' A blue-clad Maharajah passes, with fierce moustachios, making the buttons on his sleeves twinkle in the sun. They are diamonds 'of two thousand louis d'or,' as they said before the war. Next comes a Persian Prince, and after him some black men

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clad like pilgrims. 'Ada Volo Ras Nadeau, Governor of Goree,' someone observes. 'Where 's that?' asks another. A lady remarks acridly: 'This morning at the Hôtel de la Paix, about 6 A.M., I heard them roar. Later I met them in the hall. They frightened me.' When Ethiopian chiefs wake up they do in fact yawn so loudly that they suggest the roaring beasts of their native jungle.

About 7 P.M. on September 5 the Mont Blanc range lifted its summits above the encircling mists into a sky so clear and radiant and tranquil that it seemed the very vestibule of heaven. A perfect day was slowly expiring in a prodigality of beauty on the water and on the heights. M. Herriot, wearied with the day's labors, suddenly stopped his automobile opposite the Hotel Bellevue. Getting out, and without hesitating, although he carefully balanced his sturdy figure, he walked out along the little dike that extends into the Lake at this point as if to meet Mont Blanc. His faithful secretary Capona and M. de Perettie followed him, but with somewhat less confidence, along the narrow stone pathway. M. Herriot walked to the farthest end of the dike and seated himself at the foot of a flagpole. Leaning his head back against his clasped hands, he meditated — possibly upon the difficulty of dealing with our fellowmen, or perhaps upon the marvelous beauty of the sunset. His companions stood at an alert attention on the narrow platform. Finally M. Herriot raised his head and, not without a cadence of melancholy in his voice, recited the last stanza of a poem, which we translate freely: —

'He who no longer has either curiosity or ambition receives a sort of mysterious and aristocratic pleasure when contemplating at his ease from some vantage point the hurried anxiety of those who depart or arrive at a wharf, those who still have the energy and enthusiasm to wish to travel or to acquire wealth.'

MM. de Perettie and Capona approved in silence, and the three travelers carefully made their way back through the growing dusk to the automobile which was to carry them to the bustling vanities of official banquets.

M. Loucheur is a speaker of extraordinary ability when discussing practical measures. As a member of one of the subcommittees, which prepare all the matters laid before the League Assembly, he has shown remarkable skill in elaborating fine points of law. Even veteran international jurists have been impressed. Some of the delegates are not as alert mentally as the French, and become bewildered debating the additional articles and provisional amendments that M. Loucheur proposes. One sees them hurrying out of their committee room with little scraps of paper in their hands, in order to appeal to their countrymen of the press for advice and information. In truth, those correspondents who have followed the proceedings of the League for a considerable period have become quite expert in guiding diplomats through the labyrinth of the protocols. They trade luminous commentaries upon these for fresh news; so both they and the delegates leave these little conferences highly gratified.

Toward the end of the afternoon, when the committees have finished their day's work, and the dining-room at the Hôtel des Bergues is already brilliantly lighted for the formal evening meal, M. Briand likes to dine quietly at the edge of the Lake. He is wont to recall at that time with a touch of feeling his garden at home, with its alternating rows of mulberry trees and raspberry bushes, where the

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orioles whistle back at him from the trees that shade his windows; and to describe the blackthorn hedge he planted around his grounds twenty years ago. His thoughts wander away to L'Île de France, while a Swiss band massacres a jazz tune in the distance.

The meetings of the Third Committee are followed with the most interest. Their room was crowded the other day when M. Beneš explained the preliminary report upon security and disarmament. But everyone is not admitted to the big glazed hall where these historical discussions occur. For that he must have a white badge or a yellow ticket. The Secretariat is very stingy with these yellow tickets, and with good reason; for the correspondents, who it is desirable should hear the proceedings, take about all the room there is. This is not at all to the taste of pretty League enthusiasts who have dined and wined the members of the Secretariat in Paris expecting to have their hospitality reciprocated at Geneva. M. Pierre Comert, the alert Chief of the Information Section, is inflexible, however, and will not deviate a particle from the rule. Pretty women and monks are no longer admitted.

Mrs. Gilbert Murray, wife of the distinguished British delegate, had reconciled herself to this situation and stood in the grounds bravely holding vigil under an umbrella in the heavy rain at a point where she could hear the discussions through an open window. Someone took pity on her and stealthily slipped her a ticket. She was able to get in, but was greatly excited over this infraction of the rules.

The Protocol for Arbitration, Security, and Disarmament obligates the members of the League to give each other mutual assistance in case of hostilities.

If war should break out in the Pacific, we should therefore expect M. Kareel Pusta, for example, the distinguished Foreign Minister of Esthonia, to climb into one of the little canoes you see moored in Reval Harbor, paddle across the Atlantic, and tell Uncle Sam: 'Don't budge, I warn you!'

In a corner sits a portly, florid, jolly gentleman, surrounded by a circle of ten correspondents, among them little Grumbach, a lively, intelligent, polite Alsatian, who is constantly yapping with high spirits, and who sends reams of clever copy to one of the big Paris dailies. The large man is Rudolf Hilferding, a member of the Reichstag, author of ponderous tomes on finance and economics, and the friend of Jaurés. During his brief term as Minister of Finance last year he introduced the Rentenmark, thus stabilizing Germany's currency.

Hilferding was born in Austria and was not naturalized in Germany until after the Revolution. He has been a consistent Socialist all his life. Like Clemenceau, he started his career as a physician; and he still practises his profession, in a way, at the bedside of a sick country.

Geneva, capital of nations! A city where the days have twenty-four hours, from busy dawn to those long *soirées des Bergues*, where diplomatic dinners are constantly overlapping. Decorations, grand *cordons*, social gossip, and smiles. Everything winds up here as it did at the Congress of Vienna — with fireworks, diplomats clustered around sparkling wine-glasses and baskets of dahlias, with songs and dancing. But there is something more. There is the bar of this Hôtel des Bergues, presided over by a marvelous barkeeper, Carlo-Beltramo, who mixes wonderful concoctions. Elixir of life! Elixir of peace!

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Most of these visitors at Geneva have read his little book, entitled *Carlo's Cocktails*, and have probably enjoyed the conclusion of his preface: —

'And bear in mind, last of all, that life itself is a cocktail, whose ingredients we may vary *ad infinitum*.

'Two tenths love, three tenths illusion, two tenths indifference, is a good formula. As we grow older we ought to increase considerably the proportion of indifference at the expense of the illusions and the love. We learn that a trace of bitters is not unpleasant in a well-made mixture. The more varied the ingredients in that mixture the more quickly it inebriates; and at the end of the story, when we abuse the blessings of life as we abuse cocktails, it all ends in dyspepsia and a heavy bill to pay the piper.

'Everything must be paid for in this universe, and it is not sure that God Himself, the Master of Time, may not be compelled to economize the consumption of the centuries.'

ISLAM'S ICONOCLASTS AT MEKKA'S GATES

BY DOCTOR WOLFGANG VON WEISL

From *Neue Freie Presse, September* 28
(VIENNA NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

A STIRRING appeal to the twenty thousand pilgrims assembled 'in Mekka at the Caaba': —

The Wahhabis have attacked El Taif, defeated the heroic army of the King, plundered the town, destroyed the holy tombs, slaughtered women and children. . . . In the name of humanity, civilization, and justice, on which the League of Nations is founded, an appeal has been made to halt the atrocities of this barbarous tribe.

It is gratifying to see how great the prestige of the League of Nations is among the Faithful assembled at the Caaba. But it is unfortunate that His Majesty King Hussein refused to join the League because it gave England a mandate to erect a Jewish National Home in Palestine. A tragic emergency — massacre, plundering, atrocities — now forces this appeal to that body. The only consolation is that the worst of these reports may not be true. Fear of the Wahhabis is obviously greater than the knowledge of their acts.

Yet one thing is clear: King Hussein's army has been defeated, as it has been on many previous occasions, by the troops of Sultan Ibn Saud. El Taif, a little town in the mountains six thousand feet above the sea, has been taken, and Mekka, which is only some sixty miles away, scents danger. Her people tremble before the wild hordes of the desert.

Who are the Wahhabis?

The first reliable account of this sect was brought back by the Danish explorer Niebuhr, after his journey to Arabia. In his classic work, written in 1773, he says: 'Within the past few years a new sect or a new religion has arisen in the province of El Ared which may in the course of time produce great changes in the religion and re-

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ligious practices hitherto accepted by the Arabs. The founder of this new sect was called Abdu'l-Wahhab.' Niebuhr's forecast proved to be a true one. The sect soon became a mighty influence throughout the Arabian world, and beyond it as far as India, Java, and the Sahara. The Senussi are remotely associated with the teachings of Mohammed ibn'Abdu'l-Wahhab.

This new doctrine is only a reaffirmation of the old teaching of the unity and omnipotence of Allah, stripped of the mysticism and refinements added by Persian and Greek philosophers. The Islam of the Caliphate, the Islam of the dervishes, with their saint and tomb worship, the Islam of Turkey's half-Occidental culture, were rejected and anathematized. The old, wild, vigorous faith of the desert, which will have naught of mysticism, naught of intercessors between man and God, reasserted itself. The Wahhabis carried their regenerated faith at the point of the sword to the lands of their neighbors, as Mohammed, the Prophet of Allah, had done in his day; and as their ancestors followed the Prophet, so do now the tribes of Arabia follow the flag of the restorer of his faith, the flag of the Wahhabis.

Niebuhr erred in a single detail. Abdu'l-Wahhab was not the founder of a new religion; he was only its apostle. His doctrine was centuries old; he but repeated the preaching of the reformer, Ibn Taimiyya, who, in the eighth century after Mohammed, started a great campaign of protest against the corruption of the pure faith and against the worship of saints and holy places. Ibn Taimiyya was imprisoned, for the whole ecclesiastical organization of Mohammed, which lived by exploiting the holy places, was against him. His teaching was suppressed, until it was revived five hundred years later by Abdu'l-Wahhab.

The new reformer presented himself as a second prophet. Allah alone is worthy of worship. Mohammed, Jesus, Moses, Abraham — they were mere men who at times erred. To pray to them is to blaspheme God; to worship their sepulchres is to worship idols. Wine, tobacco — whatever deceives and intoxicates the senses, and leads men astray from the knowledge of God — are forbidden. Vice must be extirpated; its servants and its instruments must be destroyed. This explains the hostility of the Wahhabis to cities, especially to Mekka, which is 'a den of all vices.'

U'l-Wahhab, driven from his tribe on account of his doctrine, found refuge with Mohammed ibn Saud, Sheik of Dara-iyya, an ancestor of the present ruling Sultan of Nedjed. Ibn Saud, and after him most of the other sheiks of Nedjed, espoused the purified faith. Other Mohammedans call the time before Mohammed the age of ignorance. The Wahhabis call the time before Abdu'l-Wahhab the age of ignorance. He inaugurated a new era — not only a religious, but also a political era. The converted chiefs, hitherto divided by hereditary feuds, now united, and speedily subdued their neighbors. Within a few years a new kingdom arose in Central Arabia more powerful than all the other kingdoms of the peninsula taken together. In 1787 the founder of the new faith died. Fourteen years afterward his followers conquered Kerbela, and destroyed the greatest holy place of the Shiites. Three years later, in 1804, they conquered the greatest holy place of the Sunnites — Mekka. Abdallah stormed Medina and conquered Yemen and Oman. The buildings over the grave of the Prophet Mohammed at Medina were destroyed because the reverence paid to his sepulchre led men away from the worship of God Himself.

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How strikingly this reminds us of those lofty words in Deuteronomy, describing Moses' death: 'but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.' The spirit of ancient Israel lives in the Wahhabis.

The Grand Turk, whose Caliphate owed not a little of its prestige to possession of the holy cities of Mekka and Medina, took measures for their defense. He sent an Albanian General, Mehemet Ali Pasha, as Khedive to Egypt, with orders to destroy the Wahhabis, who now for the first time entered the pages of general history. For they were the occasion of the erection of the viceroyship in Egypt, which Mehemet Ali and his sons later refused to relinquish. Mekka's liberation cost the Sultan of Constantinople the valley of the Nile.

After eight years' constant warfare, Egypt's superior artillery won a victory. The coast of Arabia was subjected to the Sultan. But even as early as 1830 the Wahhabis showed signs of reviving strength under Turki, the son of the conqueror Abdallah. That leader established a state in the remote oasis of Riad. After much fighting, the Shevm districts were subdued, Harik was conquered, and finally the Sultanate of Nedjed, which remains the official name to-day, was founded.

The present reigning Sultan, Ibn Saud, has perfected the organization of his State. He has always been a danger to the Turks, and a still greater danger to his neighbor Hussein, Shereef of Mekka and mortal enemy of the Wahhabis. In 1910 the Shereef attacked him and advanced as far as Nedjed, but his success was only transitory. Two years later Ibn Saud founded the brotherhood upon which he bases his present power — the more or less Communist Ikhwan.

This brotherhood is not organized by tribes, as is usual among the Arabs. Ikhwan is a purely religious community, established on a military colonizing basis. It founds its own villages and settlements, where property is held in common.

While this new movement was spreading among the Wahhabis, another movement had started in Syria, to emancipate the Arabs from their dependence upon the Turks. Shereef Hussein sent emissaries to Kitchener to secure England's aid against Constantinople. Kitchener refused: England was still the friend of Turkey. But Sultan Ibn Saud did not ask for England's favor or permission. In 1914 he conquered the Turkish province of Hasa on the Persian Gulf, thus making the first move in the fight of the Arabs against their Turkish masters.

When the World War broke out a little later, the Caliph in Constantinople proclaimed a Holy War against England and her Allies. He thereby practically sacrificed his authority. Hussein rebelled against it, as did Ibn Saud, and the Imam Yahia. The Arabs ceased to follow the green flag.

England immediately negotiated with Hussein, who was ambitious to be recognized as King of Arabia; but that leader could only secure the title of King of Hejaz, for the shrewd Britishers did not intend to offend Ibn Saud.

In 1915 a British emissary visited the Sultan of Nedjed and offered to make him ruler of all Mesopotamia. But the death in battle of this negotiator prevented the plan from maturing; otherwise Ibn Saud would now be the most powerful prince in Arabia. Instead, England made an agreement with Hussein by which the latter's son became King of Irak. Thereby she incurred the enmity of Nedjed.

A better understanding was established between the British and the Wahhabis two years later. But while

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the latter may make terms with the Christians, they will never conclude peace with the hated dynasty at Mekka. Two years ago Ibn Saud's warriors again invaded Hussein's realm, and in a fight near Turba destroyed an army commanded by his son Emir Abdallah. The latter owed his life to the speed of his horse. Last spring they invaded Irak; a few weeks later they raided Transjordania; and now they have taken El Taif, the fairest town of the Hejaz.

To be sure, Hussein has a modern army, artillery, and even ten airplanes, while his enemies still fight in the manner of their ancestors. But his position is more than critical. What has happened in Arabia up to the present is but a prelude. The great final onrush of the Wahhabis has only started. They are clearly intent upon seeing how far England will go in defending Hussein. Sultan Ibn Saud has far more warriors at his back than has the Caliph. Of late even Syrian officers have been flocking to his standard. Hussein will have reason to regret that he refused to sign the Anglo-Hejaz Treaty, and to recognize the Jewish rights in Palestine. For Jews in *Erez* — Israel — are far less dangerous enemies for him than are Wahhabis at the gates of Mekka.

WAR GUILT AND WAR LIES

From *Arbeiter Zeitung, September* 21
(Vienna Conservative-Socialist Daily)

As all the world knows, the German Government has been placed in a rather ridiculous situation. In order to secure German National votes for the Dawes Laws, it promised to deny officially the 'lies about our war guilt,' especially the declaration in the Versailles Treaty that Germany alone was responsible for bringing about the World War. Furthermore, it promised to call this protest to the attention of the Allied Powers. Now it discovers that the latter action would have a very bad effect just at present, and hesitates to carry out its promise, in spite of the insistence of the German Nationalists.

Just in the nick of time three men who, as they say, 'can honestly claim to have led the fight against the war-guilt lies,' have come to the support of the Government by very properly insisting that official declarations can accomplish nothing in such a case. 'The best way to clear up this question is to continue an international scientific discussion of the subject.' They do not stop there, but assert that they are 'in a position to demonstrate the following statements.' Among these statements is this one: 'The Russian and the French Governments had decided upon war before Germany declared war or even mobilized.'

The three gentlemen who sign this declaration are: Count Montgelas, whom we must credit with making a serious effort to discover the truth under the diplomatic cloud that enshrouds the origin of the war; Paul Rohrbach, who was one of the most headstrong Imperialists before and during the war, and therefore does not

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seem particularly well fitted to act as a judge in the present instance; and Professor Hans Delbrück, who uncontestably ranks high as a military historian, but is not to be taken seriously in regard to the present question. He defends the thesis that it is not enough to refute the charge that Germany and Austria are the sole guilty parties. 'We must maintain that we are not only innocent of the charge of being the sole criminals, but that we are entirely innocent.' Such a formula makes a man merely ridiculous in any international scientific discussion of the theme.

Naturally there is no doubt that people existed in Russia, and likewise in France, who wanted to bring about a war, but the assertion that all the powerful and influential men advising the Tsar's Government, and in particular that Government itself, wanted a war at any cost is surely false. Its falsity can be proved without difficulty. We would not appeal for confirmation of this to what Sazonov, at that time Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, has said. All regular diplomats make profuse hypocritical professions, and falsely assert that they urged that peace must be maintained; but it goes without saying that such assertions afford not a shred of evidence that they did not all want war. Yet we can appeal with some confidence to what the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in St. Petersburg at that time reported to be the real intentions of the Russian Government. On July 26, 1914, Count Szapary, who represented Vienna at the Tsar's court, reported the substance of a conversation which he had that day with Sazonov, and added, 'I received the impression that he was very nervous and alarmed, and thought his desire for peace genuine.'

On July 27 the Ambassador reported: —

The road that Russian policy has covered in two days, from its first blunt rejection of our proposals and disposition to sit in judgment upon our claims, to willingness to make the whole affair a European matter, and from that to a recognition of the legitimacy of our claims and a search for mediators, is indeed a long one.

On July 29 the Ambassador reported: —

Mr. Sazonov has again begged urgently for the delivery of the documents in the case, which have been promised to the Powers, and are not yet at hand [the documents relating to Serbia's conspiracies — EDITOR]. I had the impression that he still cherishes the hope of finding something among the documents that will enable him to withdraw his support from Serbia. . . . My impression leads me to believe that the Minister, in view of his general disinclination to invite a conflict with us, is clutching at straws in the hope of finding some way out of the present situation.

On July 30 the Ambassador reported: —

The evidences of a diplomatic and military nature that have accumulated render it possible to express a conjecture as to the tactics contemplated by Mr. Sazonov. The Minister, like his Imperial master, wants to avoid war, and is seeking, without finally committing himself on our Serbian campaign, to contest our title to its fruits, if possible without hostilities.

On August 1 the Ambassador describes an interview with the Minister, to whom he had come to present Berchtold's tricky suggestion of 'a direct sounding of opinion in St. Petersburg.'

Mr. Sazonov was greatly relieved by my communication, and seemed to attach an exaggerated importance to it, so that I was forced to call attention repeatedly to the changed situation, to the discrepancy between our points of departure, and the like.

This means that the Russian Minister still hoped for peace, while the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador wished to make it plain to him that this hope was

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vain. Does this really show that the Russian Government was resolved upon war under any circumstances? And that is the real question. Naturally, all these passages, which are so supremely weighty, are simply omitted in the Red Book — *Diplomatische Aktenstücke zur Vorgeschichte des Krieges* — which the scoundrel Berchtold published, and which is a falsification from beginning to end.

Incidentally, we propose to prove that the oft-repeated assertions that Russia's general mobilization precipitated the impending war, that hers was the first general mobilization, and that the Austro-Hungarian and the German mobilizations came later, are also lies. As everyone knows, a partial mobilization was ordered in Russia as an answer to Austria-Hungary's mobilization of eight army corps. Berchtold actually lamented, in a conversation with the Russian Ambassador at Vienna, that Russia's mobilization was only partial: 'Inasmuch as you have confined it to the military districts of Odessa, Kiev, Moscow, and Kasan, it assumes a hostile character toward the Monarchy.'

This was on July 30. At that time Grey's last attempt at mediation was being made, and Emperor William had just telegraphed to Franz Joseph that in compliance with 'the personal plea of the Tsar of Russia' that he try to do something to avert a world conflagration and to preserve world peace (presumably another proof that Russia was determined to have war at any costs!) he was transmitting proposals to the Austro-Hungarian Government. The substance of these proposals was, among other things, that Austria-Hungary, after occupying Belgrade or another place in Serbia, should publish her conditions to that country. And William added to this: 'I shall be sincerely grateful to you if you will let me know your decision at the earliest possible moment.' And what did Franz Joseph answer? 'I hasten to thank you most sincerely and warmly for your kind telegram. . . . Conscious of my heavy responsibility for the future of my Empire, I have ordered the mobilization of my whole armed power.' Accordingly it is not true that the general mobilization in Austria-Hungary was in reply to the general mobilization in Russia. The truth is that the Vienna criminals took the first step here, as they did in all other cases. Every detail proves irrefutably that the men at the helm in Vienna were determined that nothing should stand in the way of war, that they were resolved upon war under any circumstances.

The conclusive facts here presented are without exception omitted, as we have just said, in Berchtold's Red Book. They first became known through the disclosures made by the Foreign Office of the Republic. We need not be surprised that the Ballhausplatz scoundrels were guilty of these falsifications, for we know that their department was a hotbed of official criminality. But we must add in all fairness that the so-called German White Book — *Vorläufige Denkschrift und Aktenstücke zum Kriegsausbruch* — which was laid before the Reichstag for its information on the third of August, 1914, is likewise a falsification from beginning to end. It is an especially pernicious falsification, because it deceived the German Reichstag, and with it the whole German public, as to the origin of the war, and particularly as to whether war was avoidable or unavoidable. To be sure, the same kind of deception was repeated in the books of various colors issued by the Entente Governments. The falsifications in the Russian Orange Book have been sufficiently bared by the former Ambassador Rhomberg. But that does not palliate the fact that

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the German Government presented to the Reichstag, with a full knowledge of what it was doing, an utterly misleading report; and we can even go so far as to say that the Reichstag itself, had it been truly informed of the situation when it met to approve the war laws, would have escaped most of the war hysteria to which it fell a victim.

The falsification consisted in the way the documents submitted to the Reichstag were selected, and in the omissions that were made from them. The complete collection of official documents, edited by Karl Kautsky, Walter Schücking, and Count Montgelas, shows that up to the first of August, the day the White Book ends, 609 such papers existed. How many does the White Book contain? Twenty-nine. Naturally many of the documents were of minor importance, but it is clearly impossible to give a true version of the facts with twenty-nine out of six hundred and nine. The fact is that those published in the White Book give no real information concerning the events preceding the outbreak of the war. They tell us nothing of the possibilities of preventing war and nothing of the endeavors made to preserve peace, especially by the English. This systematic suppression of all papers from which it is possible to form an opinion of the development of the war danger and of the true origins of the World War makes the book an infamous falsification. A striking example is the omission of a letter from the Tsar to William in which the Tsar proposes 'to submit the Austro-Serbian problem to the Hague Conference.' The Tsar exchanged only three letters with William, and yet there was not room for one of them! That the omission was by design is evident from the fact that other letters were revised and garbled in order to cover up the omissions in the replies.

Equally significant is the misrepresentation of the ultimatum to France. The telegram of the Imperial Chancellor to the German Ambassador in Paris concludes: —

> Please ask the French Government if it will remain neutral in a Russo-German war. We must have an answer inside eighteen hours.

Now it surely was not probable that France would give the desired answer, but the German Ambassador had still another commission to fulfill, and it is set forth in the same telegram of the Imperial Chancellor: —

> If, contrary to anticipations, the French Government should promise to remain neutral, your Excellency will notify the French Government that we are compelled to demand as a pledge of neutrality possession of the fortresses of Toul and Verdun, which we will return at the end of the war with Russia. A reply must be received here by 4 P. M. to-morrow afternoon.

We can easily understand why this part of the ultimatum was not published, but was suppressed; for it shows as clearly as the light of day that the men at Berlin were determined to have a war as early as July 31, and that if France should decide to remain neutral she must be compelled to fight. In order to cover up this omission, the reply of the French Government, contained in the telegram of the German Ambassador in Paris to the Imperial Chancellor, was revised: —

> (*Text in the White Book*) On my repeated and precise inquiry whether France would remain neutral in a Russo-German war, the Premier stated that France would act as her interests demanded.

> (*The true text*) On my repeated and precise inquiry whether France would remain neutral in a Russo-German war, the Premier replied hesitatingly: 'France will do what her interests demand.' He explained the indefiniteness of this statement by the fact that he considered that the situation had changed since yesterday. It had been

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officially reported here that the proposal of Sir Edward Grey for the cessation of military preparations by all parties had been accepted by Russia in principle and that Austria-Hungary had declared that she would not annex Serbian territory or impair Serbia's sovereignty.

The White Book ended with the first statement quoted above, and its skillful misrepresentation of what had actually occurred makes it no wonder that the Germans allowed themselves to be persuaded that the Central Powers had been attacked by Russia and by France, and that the war was one of self-defense. This does not affect the fact that Austria-Hungary was chiefly responsible for the war; but Germany is at least guilty of being a willing accomplice in that immeasurable crime.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE THRONE

BY PROFESSOR JOHANNES HALLER

From *Berliner Tageblatt, September 2*
(LIBERAL DAILY)

[PROFESSOR HALLER, of the University of Tübingen, who is a Conservative and presumably a Monarchist, is about to publish an interesting biographical study of Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg-Hertefeld, for many years Kaiser Wilhelm's most intimate friend. The Prince's sensational memoirs were reviewed in the *Living Age* of July 14 and September 9, 1923. The article that follows is an extract from a chapter entitled 'Der Kaiser,' from the forthcoming volume.]

EULENBURG'S task of protecting the monarch from himself was greatly lightened when Bülow entered the Government. But he was not relieved of it entirely. With every year it became more thankless and hopeless. Rarely was his advice accepted in such a good spirit as it was in August 1897, when Eulenburg wrote a letter to the monarch urging him, with all the powers of persuasion and emphasis he possessed, not to take a prominent part in the agitation for a strong navy 'because people would look upon the next naval bill as something to amuse His Majesty, rather than something for the national interest.' The Kaiser answered good-naturedly on August 20:—

DEAR PHILI, —

Sincerest thanks for your valuable and important letter. . . . Your frank advice as to the way to handle the navy situation pleased me, and I am very grateful to you for it; for if you don't say exactly what you think, who will?

The Kaiser then proceeded to relate enthusiastically what Tirpitz had accomplished, and promised that he would 'after this keep his mouth shut, and use it only for eating, drinking, and smoking.'

But as the years went by such friendly counsel was less and less heeded. Eulenburg's opportunity and responsibility for making his influence felt by the Kaiser were chiefly during the latter's annual northern cruise. He was the only representative of the Cabinet

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invited after 1898, when Kiderlin, who fell into permanent disfavor with the Kaiser through an intrigue of the latter's adjutants in which Bülow also had a hand, ceased to be taken along. These yacht trips were always the most trying part of Eulenburg's official duties, and they meant for him perhaps the greatest sacrifice that he made for the Kaiser. It began to be obvious to everyone that these long cruises did the monarch no good. In August 1899, the Kaiser's accompanying physician, Dr. Leuthold, said: 'To continue the northern cruise more than three weeks is foolish and is doing His Majesty more harm than benefit.' Eulenburg adds, in recording this statement: 'He is perfectly right. Everyone sees it.' Usually the Kaiser's restlessness and excitability grew; he almost invariably felt disagreeable physical effects, and it became harder than ever to keep him normal. The almost daily reports that Eulenburg made to Bülow give a vivid picture of the difficulties he experienced. I shall cite only a few examples.

In the summer of 1899, 'everything seemed bewitched.' The Kaiser was already greatly agitated over the Reichstag when he started on the cruise, because the bill to protect men willing to work — the so-called 'Prison Bill' — had no chance of passing. He had tried to push it through by violent talk, but, as was to be expected, had produced the opposite effect. The unfavorable impression was strengthened when a telegram which he sent to Hinzpeter from Norway, on the twelfth of July, was published in the press. In it he announced the gift of a statue of the Great Elector to the city of Bielefeld 'as evidence that I, like this great ancestor, possess an inflexible will that will drive straight forward to the goal I see is right regardless of all opposition.'

That could refer to nothing else but the Prison Bill, and it was interpreted as a threat to dissolve the Reichstag and to invite an open rupture. The excitement increased when it became known that the Kaiser proposed to abandon his officially announced visit to Dortmund if the bill did not become a law.

We can see how Philipp Eulenburg felt about it from the letter containing his daily report of July 16: —

'I have read in the newspapers the Kaiser's telegram to Hinzpeter! I hope this telegram was not dispatched the very day I had my conversation with him about "precipitate language and telegrams." However that may be, the incident has given me the blues. It is really inexplicable why the Kaiser should have adopted a tone of loud defiance in connection with the statue of the Great Elector, and why Hinzpeter published the telegram. It is in truth a very depressing moment, of the kind you unhappily know only too well.'

But the Prince did not content himself with complaining in private. He took advantage of the first opportunity that offered to tell the Kaiser what he thought, in the manner that he had always adopted. He writes Bülow concerning this as follows: —

'*July* 14, 1899. — During a walk I took alone with the Kaiser in the beautiful shaded avenue on the shore at Molde, between the beach and the park, His Majesty led the conversation back again to the subject of Prince Bismarck. . . . I seized the opportunity to observe that the prudence and self-restraint the Kaiser had shown during the last years of the Prince's life were necessary even to-day, because Bismarckism was a sentiment still rooted deeply and firmly in German hearts. His Majesty did not like this. He expressed the opinion that the Kaiser was more firmly rooted there than anything else. . . .

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'His Majesty broke out quite violently against the elements "which deserve no consideration and which we need not fear." I replied that, in spite of His Majesty's opinion that the Kaiser had too strong a hold on German hearts to leave place for another, I must stick to my own conviction that consideration ought to be shown to Bismarckism. His Majesty underestimated certain perils that might manifest themselves at any moment in political life. If His Majesty should ever do anything that angered the public, it might happen under certain conditions that he would find himself in a situation he could not control.

'The Kaiser was deeply impressed by this statement, and asked me what I meant by a situation beyond his control, and who the people were that I feared might produce it.

'I replied that, for example, a dangerous political crisis, perhaps caused or aggravated by an oversight of His Majesty, might occur where the Government would resign in order to protect His Majesty — in fact, might be forced out of office. Then, under certain conditions, a movement might start in the country to compel the Kaiser to abdicate or to deprive him of the direction of affairs. A mechanism like the German Government was a very delicate and complex piece of machinery — the kind of thing you kept under a glass case. If the glass case was broken, the delicate mechanism was in danger. And when it was abused, the people got out of hand.

'The Kaiser became very serious when this view was presented. Who could nurse such projects? How would they proceed? I stated very definitely that I did not wish to, and I would not, give names, because I had no proofs in my possession, and desired merely to set forth an academic hypothesis and not an actual condition. But I did feel free to mention to His Majesty what a person whom he honored highly, Cardinal Hohenlohe, had said to me very impressively before his death: "I know that you are absolutely devoted to the Kaiser and are also in a position to tell him frankly what you think. The Kaiser should be on his guard. He should be very prudent. I know positively that the idea of declaring him incompetent is being considered by many people, and that very many of them, including men in high positions, would willingly lend a hand to start proceedings. You must warn the Kaiser." I added that it was a mere accident that had turned our conversation in this direction to-day. I cautioned the Kaiser indeed; but I said that now that you were by his side and enjoyed his confidence I no longer felt serious concern; that you were loyally and devotedly guarding his interests; that we had talked over these things seriously and thoroughly; that he was in no danger as long as you were at his side — and he himself was prudent.'

'*July* 21, 1899. — Physically the Kaiser has calmed down a great deal during the eleven years of his reign. We who are accompanying him for the eleventh time on the northern cruise are very much impressed by this fact. But mentally he has not changed in the slightest.'

'*July* 27, 1899. — I wrote yesterday that we had not discussed domestic politics for several days. To-day they bobbed up again.

'I accompanied the Kaiser in a pouring rain to Loen Vand on the North Fiord. He said to me while still excited over his Bielefeld dispatch and canceling the Dortmund trip: "When a man sees how the folks at home act he honestly loses every desire to continue on the throne. The only way is to pay no

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attention to them. The utter discrediting — the bankruptcy — of parliamentary government is making public opinion morbid, just as Russia is also morbid. In Russia they take refuge in foreign policies. In our case the sickness makes people flighty and discontented. They try to balk the purposes of the Government, and throw stones in its path wherever they can!"

'I summoned up my courage and said, practically in these words: "I have noticed the discontent for some time, and it begins to impress me as ominous, because parties that are usually at loggerheads with each other are united in their common bitterness against your Majesty."

'The Kaiser said: "That's no news to me. If I was able to carry on the fight against Bismarck for eight years, nothing else can seriously attack me. That is a good argument for you to use when people come to you with their worries."

'I replied: "The old controversy survives in the present conflict. It finds expression in a disquieting antithesis between the personality of your Majesty and the nation at large. The unquestionably modern side of your Majesty's nature, which leads you to place yourself at the head of whatever is new, has an almost progressive character in whatever form it assumes. But it is paralyzed by a too harsh and energetic manner in public. Your Majesty's speeches and telegrams produce the impression that you want to restore an absolute monarchy. But no party in the whole empire would agree and assent to that. Parliamentary institutions have imbedded themselves deeply in German society, and what you call a collapse of parliamentary government is only dissatisfaction with a few of its forms."

'"I claim for myself," replied His Majesty, not without irritation, "the right to speak out my mind like any German. I must say what I want to say, so that the reasonable elements may know how and whom they should follow. If I keep silent our solid citizens will not know what they ought to do."

'"Acts are better than words in case of a ruler," I said.

'"And they'll have an opportunity to see acts too," exclaimed the Kaiser. "You're merely afraid that I'll take arbitrary measures with Parliament," he added with a laugh.

'"No," I replied, "I'm not afraid of that, because your Majesty has assured me so often that you could undertake to change the constitution only in case a definite desire for this on the part of the people and of Parliament was brought to your knowledge. You are moreover too modern a man, and too clear-headed and sensible, not to recognize that Germany can no longer exist, and will no longer exist, without a Parliament."

'"That means it needs a reformed Parliament — and not the present one," interrupted the Kaiser.

'"That is open to discussion," I answered, "but only in the way legally provided. And that way is impossible if a majority of the people are in opposition to your Majesty."

'"Were this really the case it would mean revolution — and in one form or another that is sure eventually to come. Everything is headed that way, and for that reason we must give battle."

'"Which is just what a coalition of European Powers is waiting for in order to attack us," I interrupted. "The Russians are subsidizing the press, the English the strikes in Hamburg; the French are nagging us, and the Slavs are at our throat — and we fall into the trap."

'"Yes. If people would only understand the situation and comprehend

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what I aim at with my warnings! But the Germans are too narrow and short-sighted; they waste their energies in petty wrangling."

'"Here we are back again just where we were when we began talking," I exclaimed. "The agitation is against an absolute monarch, and anything that can create that impression must be avoided in order not to arouse pernicious and dangerous controversies."

'"I an absolute monarch!" exclaimed the Kaiser, almost jokingly.

'Just then Görz appeared and interrupted our talk, which I am reporting to you almost word for word.

'The Kaiser returned to the subject once more saying: "When I get back to Germany I shall commission Bernhard to start a newspaper campaign against the silliness of the people who regard me as an absolute monarch. Have I ever taken a single step that could be interpreted as usurping our Constitution? Never! How can people make such absurd statements!"'

WHAT IS 'THE PUBLIC'?

BY PIERRE BRISSON

From *Le Temps, September* 8
(Semiofficial Opportunist Daily)

What is 'the public'? Is it possible, in a general way, to speak of 'the public' at all? Reply is by no means easy — more difficult, doubtless, to-day than yesterday.

You recall, of course, the famous witticism: 'Put five hundred Renans in a theatre and the average level of the lot is — a janitor!' There is food for thought in that observation and paraphrases of it readily enough suggest themselves. Continuing to elevate those unfortunate servitors to the dignity of symbols, one might say, talking to an author: 'The opinion of one janitor is nothing to you. But the opinion of five hundred janitors is very important indeed, because five hundred janitors, assembled in a theatre, constitute the public.'

Respect — denied the individual — is granted to numbers. In such matters arithmetical rules lose their value. Individual opinions that have no value in themselves, when added one to another achieve an importance which may not be very considerable in itself, but which is still worth consideration. The number of the votes determines the value of the opinion. How could it be otherwise? For these judgments, when combined, are the dispensers of fortune and the final arbiters of reputation. The mob is sovereign, the public is king.

But once again, exactly what does this worthy public represent? The moment one seeks to pin it down, it becomes elusive. It is at once definite, enigmatic, fleeting. The public may be defined as a group of people gathered together to see a spectacle. Nothing could be clearer than that. But the public is also a new moral being born of that gathering, a being that enjoys an independent existence of its own — and nothing could be more obscure than *that*.

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One might think this terrible word possessed of some cabalistic virtue. It is the sign of a mysterious divinity which from moment to moment one thinks he knows. It half reveals itself, the better to throw you off the track. The secrets of its caprice remain imponderable. The prestige that it possesses conceals itself in the shadows that surround it. Impulsive or mournful, dazzling or irritable, it grants or withdraws its favor without explanation. It disposes of the goods of this world. That is why it is feared even while adored. It is as vain to seek illumination of such an enigma as to try to enclose light in a formula. It is a deceptive task, doomed in advance to failure, yet unceasingly attempted.

Looking out over a theatre during a series of successful presentations of the same play you see two things that are especially remarkable: first, the unanimity of the public, and second, the automatic quality of that unanimity. Certain turns of the dialogue, certain bits of mimicry by the performers, produce what are conventionally known as 'effects.' These effects operate upon every one of the spectators without exception and stir them all to identical manifestations.

Now, these individual members of the audience are samples taken from the most diverse ranks of the social ladder. Between those who sprawl in the boxes and those who sit up above in the 'heavens' there are the most extreme differences of mind, of education, and of ways of feeling. Yet at the same instant the occupants of the boxes, of the orchestra chairs, and of the galleries burst out into the same laughter or are swayed by the same emotion. At such a moment the public forms but a single individual. It is endowed with a life of its own. These separate men and women mingle in one and blend into unity. The pauses between the acts may cause the public to lose cohesion. It may separate. Individual emotions may make themselves felt for a few moments. But they vanish again as the curtain rises.

Such unanimity is, in itself, surprising enough. What makes it still more surprising is that it is reproduced each evening under exactly the same conditions. Here is something singularly automatic. Before a play is put on neither the author nor the director nor the oldest theatregoers can predict what parts of the action, what words of the dialogue, will affect the public. Once the first production is over, the effects are fixed once for all. There is no more surprise to fear — or hope for. The play will follow an immutable rhythm. The laughter, the smiles, the tears, and the applause will be stirred every evening at the same time by the same syllable or the same gesture. The cycle of effects seems thereafter to be as definitely established as the text of the play itself. This regularity appears not merely so far as violent reactions are concerned, but even in more discreet manifestations. The régisseur, who from behind the scenes watches the progress of the play, manuscript in hand, may write on the margin: 'Slight marks of approval; murmurs of surprise here; symptoms of distraction or boredom at this point; profound silence here,' and so on. These notes will continue to be true throughout the entire run of the play. All this is so fixed and automatic that it offends the feeling of free will in all of us. It is exasperating to think that one is obeying impulses as blindly as a sheep — but what is there to do about it? There are currents which sweep us along with them and determine our courses, yet of which we are not ourselves the masters. It is only at the cost of a partial sacrifice of the individual that a public can be formed, can exist, or can live at all.

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You object that I am rather cocksure about this; that there is some reason for being less categorical; that the unanimity of a theatre audience is by no means so absolute as I choose to pretend; that in certain circumstances there is even a vehement difference of opinion, in which whistles mingle with the applause. Such duality, however, by no means invalidates what I have been saying. Such conflicts as these — which are, however, somewhat rare — are nothing but new forms of the same thing. The unanimity — if you will allow me to put it that way — is divided. It is manifested in each camp. What was true for a whole theatreful now remains true for each of the opposing groups. Here as there we have a *mouvement d'ensemble*, in which the individual does not exist. How could he? Diversity implies nuances, and the nuance is unknown to the public. The opinion of the crowd can only be sharp and summary.

The public, as we have just shown, undergoes numerous transformations. It changes from theatre to theatre and in the same house from one play to another. It is mobile, diverse, uncertain. As a matter of fact, there is not *a* public but several publics, or, to put it more exactly, several clienteles. The number of the spectators never ceases to grow. More and more we find ourselves in the presence of an élite of the bourgeoisie — fixed in its principles, with a mentality often predetermined, and marked by perfectly definite characteristics. In our day the public is confused with the multitude. It has a chaotic aspect. It offers a curious mixture of heterogeneous elements. The more complex it becomes, the more it divides, and, in a certain sense, the more it specializes.

It is in this sense that we may talk of clienteles. To-day these support all kinds of enterprises, from theatres of the advance guard, in which dramatic art is renewing itself, to immense music halls and tiny free theatres. These last are spreading. They correspond to the taste of the day. They attract a certain clientele, especially beloved of directors — the one that dines late in elegant cabarets and is not afraid of high prices.

The vogue of these small and sumptuous theatres has led to the hatching of works of a special sort. Comedy, adapting itself to the limited space of such frames, has changed its physiognomy. The spectators, on the other hand, penetrating into these miniature theatres, have changed their optical equipment. The intimate luxury of the settings, the knowing distribution of the light, the atmosphere suited in some way — I know not what — to fashionable surroundings, all puts them in good mood. They can believe — or almost believe — that they are in a salon. A link develops between the public and the actors who, feeling that not a word of their play is lost, act more carefully, perhaps, but at the same time, by an inverse tendency, abandon themselves more thoroughly. Their art becomes less theatrical, finer, more familiar.

The same is true of the comedy itself. It takes on the appearance of conversation, it gives up fittings, it has no more need of movement, it is a question less of devising situations, untangling the complexities of a plot, than of finding attractive language for the persons of the play. One can indulge in subtleties, for a touch has no need to be coarsened in order to be perceived. What this clientele demands is a *théâtre de dialogue*. It wants keen repartee spoken by witty actors. Most of all it wants a 'Parisian' spectacle, a light and brilliant show full of delicately adjusted boldness and ironic vivacity, a spectacle adapted to charm the mind and to

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soothe it so that one says, as the curtain falls: 'Charming, charming!' — and forgets it the next minute.

Works of this kind, when they are successful, provide keen pleasure. They give a chance for flashes of wit; they demand a talent of great delicacy. Licence is part of the game, but it must be relieved by adroit touches. The eagerness of the public, alas, has an unfortunate effect. Hordes of authors in search of profit undertake to write libertine comedies — and leave out the comedy to make sure of the libertinism. Salacious writing requires less talent than gems of wit and less effort than grace of style. These providers of the mode rely on the baser appetites, and they are not always wrong. Competition leads them on more and more, like an auction. As it grows increasingly free, this kind of thing grows weaker. It presents less attraction. The public, by an appropriate reaction, grows weary of it. The public begins to demand new spices to reanimate its taste. By giving so many doses and such strong ones, it seems possible to change public taste, and so the artisans of success provoke a failure. Seeking to retain what they have won, they lose everything. It is natural that the public should some day chastise those who have exerted themselves servilely to satisfy it.

The power of the clienteles, and the obligation under which directors find themselves of making sure of considerable receipts in order to cover expenses, encourage such abuses and favor complacency. 'The public gets the plays that it deserves.' There is a certain appearance of truth in this, but though the public in a large measure itself directs the production, it often seeks itself to be directed. Being more mixed than it used to be, the public has abandoned its rigor. It is open to all endeavors. New things, far from offending it, attract it. In short, the public grants its favor easily, and the number of successful plays is surprising.

I grant that the plays whose posters appear on the billboard for months at a time are not in general those that deserve most interest. There has never been a time when the taste of the crowd was regarded as delicate, but here again there is not one public but several. The most numerous battalions include in their ranks the least refined spectators. Quantity at the cost of quality.

It would be profitable to inquire of the dramatists as to this question. Their competence seems undeniable, but I venture to think that you would obtain disconcerting replies.

One playwright will draw you a marvelous picture, multiply testimonies of affection, never find eulogies sufficiently superlative to express his gratitude. He will tell you that the public is his god or at least his dearest friend; that people slander this good public when they accuse it of ignorance or weakness; that it is the keenest, most intelligent of judges; that in spite of the critics it can nose out the merits of a play in the first few evenings.

In this optimistic language you will recognize a happy author. His play is filling the house. He caresses fortune. What does it matter if certain successes are achieved at the price of some cheapness? Money possesses great virtues as a consoler. Moreover, there is an opportunity to confront the pretended élite with numbers and to assert lustily that the sanction of the public is all that counts.

Another playwright will pronounce bitter words, groan over the fate of misunderstood writers, swear that the mob is going into decadence; that it rushes to low pleasures and feeds on coarseness; that a writer must be stupid to touch its taste or hope for art and success side by side.

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In this diatribe you will recognize a neglected author. You will understand that his last work has just been a failure.

Between these extremes you will meet playwrights less firm in their enthusiasm or less wild in their contempt. They will explain to you their perplexities. Good and evil will mingle in their opinions. They will explain to you that the public is sometimes sensible, comprehending, and quick to enthusiasm, sometimes dull and stupid. They will draw subtle distinctions between spectators; they will permit their uncertainty to appear. Finally each man interested will give a different estimate.

You must make up your mind that none of these opinions is absolutely false. You may conclude that there are as many publics as there are authors, and when you do that you may be not far from right.

CONTACT

BY W. GRIFFIN

From the *Adelphi, July*
(London Literary Monthly)

Mrs. Rusper opened the door of the dining-room and regarded the table with anxious eyes. She sighed. It seemed to be all right. The orange-shaded light shining out of its Chinese-blue vase looked warm and comforting, the table-centre of white silk with golden threads and patterns round it was special, just as Jack had asked on the telephone. The claret stood in front of the fire; it was too near and might be mulled, so she moved the fat-bellied silver-topped jug away. One of the curtains had not been pulled properly across the window, but a slight twitch, a rustle of the brass rings as they slid along the pole, and that was put right. It seemed a shame to shut out the warm spring night, but her husband's digestion was sensitive to draughts, and she dared take no chances. There were too many omens about. . . .

They had come with the war, the omens, and now, although the war was long over, they would not go away. She had not minded them in the war; they held her thoughts kindly, like holding a child's hand. But now they were disturbing. Jack had telephoned that he was coming down to dinner, and had asked that the dinner might be 'special, to put the old man in a good temper.' These words were an omen, if ever there was one, and his mother wondered what new discontents were coming to her home, as if there were not enough already, since the war. Prices, servants, prices — it was difficult to name the discontents one by one, but together they were massed like a room full of ghosts, a shadowy fog that poured round and over the heart, cold and dispiriting. Yes, there were Powers behind the omens, and so it was important that the table should look nice. It made such a difference! 'Never neglect

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ritual' was a sound law in these matters.

In the drawing-room she found her daughter Joan standing by the fire, her left hand resting on the mantelpiece. Joan's ring caught the light — the topaz ring that Bunny had given her in that week that had been so full of laughter, his last short leave at home before he had been shot down flying over the German lines. And above the topaz ring was the thin platinum band, black-enameled, that Joan had bought for herself after Bunny had been — Strange unknown people, the young ones during the war, leading a life apart, full of high fantastic symbols. It was useless to ask why, why? They smiled and went on. She remembered when Joan had shown her the little black ring on her finger. 'Did you buy it for yourself?' she had asked. Joan nodded, and then, 'And that 's that, mother dear,' was all she had said. She had wanted to touch Joan then, but she could not put out her hand; Joan was a stranger for a moment, and yet how intimate, how dear.

Perhaps her father was right after all. Time healed. Joan's neck was already sunburned; it showed up so against her white dress. Not that Joan would mind that; she had to live out of doors. Of course, time healed! Oh, the omens! You could never be sure of anything when the omens were on the wing.

Joan smiled at her mother. 'I 'm afraid Artemis is going to have kittens again. Probably that scrubby-tailed Tom down the hill. It 's no good, Mother, we 'll have to change her name. She 's too careless.'

Not quite nice, of course; and in such a casual voice. But she smiled back at her daughter.

'I suppose I 'll have to get my hat-box ready,' Joan sighed; 'Artemis is so particular.'

'You spoil the animals, Joan.'

'Oh well.' It was a shadow of a shrug, Joan off her guard for a second.

Mr. Rusper came in. 'This collar is very rough, but I could n't find a better one.'

'I 've changed the laundry three times this year, but they 're all just as bad.'

'It 's high time they pulled themselves together. The excuse of the war won't last forever. These people think that because we put up with things then, and willingly too, of course, we 'll always stand it. They 'll find out their mistake soon.' He drew out his watch and compared it with the silver clock on the mantelpiece. 'It 's past the half-hour. Dinner not ready yet?' (Oh, the omens.)

'We 're waiting for Jack.'

Mr. Rusper snapped the cover of his watch. 'I did n't know he was coming; you never told me.'

'I forgot, dear. He rang up only just to say he would come.'

'He knows the dinner time.' He turned to Joan. 'You young folks are becoming lazy-mannered, my dear.' Jack's key was heard in the lock. Joan moved quickly to the door, and her swift whisper was heard outside. Jack came in.

'Awfully sorry, father — know you hate being kept waiting, but I could n't help it.' He kissed his mother. 'If you don't mind, I won't change — did n't bring my things with me, in fact; so I 'll just cut along and wash, and you 'd better start.'

Mr. Rusper looked at his son, and was mollified. A good-looking boy, no doubt of it at all. Did his bit, too. Nothing very distinguished, just the honest Englishman's bit, without too much grumbling. 'Give you two minutes.' Jack fled, and Mrs. Rusper pressed the bell-push at the side of the fireplace.

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It was all right. Cook had respected the omens, the dinner was propitiatory, and Mr. Rusper accepted the burnt offerings. Jack chattered. Joan glanced at him now and again; chattering was Jack's defense against unpleasantness — 'machine-gun barrage,' he called it. There was a strafe coming somewhere, for Jack did not dare to risk a pause in the conversation. His father did not notice it; Jack's high spirits, his slang, were wine to him; he warmed his hands again at the fires of his youth. Even when, with upraised eyebrow and plate pushed back, he inquired with elaborate politeness the meaning of one of Jack's esoteric phrases, and grimaced at the barbarism, he was enjoying it.

'George Graves, father!'

Mr. Rusper speared an olive. 'H'm. It 's meaningless to me, but I suppose I 'm in the outer circle of darkness, and you 'll say that the farther you go from the Albany the less meaning there is in anything.' He turned the sentiment over in his mouth; it had a bouquet undoubtedly, essence of urbanity. (The omens were disappearing, specks in a windy sky — still, specks.)

Mr. Rusper played his part with relish — the indulgent father recalling chimes heard at midnight. Jack played up carefully to his father. But once, Joan remembered, not many months before, the cues had missed. Jack had debts. Enormous debts they seemed to his mother and sister, and his father had been excited and angry. Jack met the storm with sulks, and muttered, 'It 's all very well for him, Joan, he had his time; but our crowd had a little war on, and we were bilked. It 's not fair to grudge it now.' She remembered, too, the last angry sentence of her father: 'Just because you fought in the war, you think you can do nothing for the rest of your life.' He was so red and angry when he had said it, poor little Daddy — angry with himself, with Jack, and with Joan for hearing it. He paid the debts at once, and bought a History of the War, to refresh his memory, he said. He flogged his mind against forgetfulness; it was all a civilian could do.

There was a lull in the firing. Mr. Rusper passed the port. Jack filled his glass and lit a cigarette. Joan refused the port, but Mrs. Rusper felt that she deserved hers.

'How are things in the City?'

Jack paused before he answered. Joan saw his lips quiver and his eyes darken with fear like a dog's. Mrs. Rusper looked up from her port; there was something in the air.

'Rotten. Business at a standstill. Ships don't pay working costs.'

Mr. Rusper cut and lit a cigar judicially. 'I 'm not surprised. What can you expect with a Government like this, buying votes with other people's money. Bread and circuses; Imperial Rome!' It was a well-known prelude, and soon the theme was picked out, embroidered, run into different keys, resolved, and struck again. And through it ran, 'I 've been cheated, cheated, cheated. What I made and saved is worth less than it should be.' The discontents were up and out and trooping. Port had lost its savor for Mrs. Rusper; high up wheeled the omens, and their wings were like distant thunder.

Joan rose, and her mother followed.

'Another glass, Jack?'

'Er — no, thanks, father.'

'Well, we may as well go into the other room.'

In the drawing-room Joan sat back on the sofa and picked up a book. Mrs. Rusper took a chair by the fire, and out of a wide silk bag brought wool and began to knit. It was a war

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disease from which she had never recovered. Khaki during the war, and now dark blue for the Deep Sea Fishermen. Her husband, too, had his disease, newspapers — two in the morning, two at night, and on Saturdays three, with one on Sunday, except when there was a crisis, when he took two. It was a drug. He had learned the habit in the war, when newspapers saved him from thinking. But now he was thinking, pouring out a stream of criticism of the Government, labor, the United States, professional football, all the signs of post-war decadence. Dinner and the warmth of the room had flushed his face, and his breath came short. Jack was not listening. An unlit cigarette drooped from a corner of his mouth. Suddenly he stiffened, moved the cigarette, and over the top of her book Joan watched him moisten his lips with his tongue.

'Father, I 've got something to tell you.'

Mr. Rusper grunted at the interruption, while his wife let her knitting slide on to her lap; work was impossible with the omens brushing against her face.

'I 'm leaving the New Occident.'

Mr. Rusper was undeniably surprised, but his voice was very quiet: 'And why, may I ask? Don't you find the best shipping company in London satisfactory?'

'Oh yes,' Jack giggled, 'I find them all right, but they 're not of the same opinion about me, it seems. They 've kicked me out.'

'They 've kicked you out.' Mr. Rusper did not seem to be sure which had been insulted, his son or the shipping company.

Jack's face was frightened; he had hoped for an earlier explosion. 'Yes. I think they made an unnecessary fuss. You see, I met one or two fellows I 'd known out there, you know, and we had lunch together. I was a bit late getting back, and I dare say I was a bit on, too. You can't help it if you run across fellows like that. And as luck would have it one of the managers wanted to see me — and I was n't able to tell him much, and he got sarcastic, so I suppose I gave him some cheek. Anyway, he fired me. Said they had given me every chance, as he knew it took some time to settle down after France. Then he added something about my general work. I don't know what he meant, because they 've never complained before, not seriously, that is. Of course, it took me some time to learn the ropes.' He ended lamely.

'When did this happen?' Mr. Rusper's voice was calm, but he ran his finger along the rough edge of his collar; this too was an omen.

'Yesterday.'

Mr. Rusper stood up. 'This is a fine thing.' He paused, and his voice thickened. 'Good God,' he burst out, 'is there never going to be an end to this nonsense? Met some fellows from France, you say, and were too drunk to do your work.' He waved down a protest from his wife.

'Always the same damned rotten excuse. You young puppies think you can play the fool forever because you were in France.' A memory stirred in his mind, but the yeasty bitterness was working within him. 'D' you never think of us, of men of my age, what we have to put up with, what we have to give up? We worked when we were young, we did what we could in the war, and now the little that 's left to us has to be spent on young slackers like you, who have n't manners or grit or decency.'

He stood before the fire, gesticulating in short circles with the stump of his extinct cigar.

Joan watched him with curiosity.

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She was surprised to find herself so detached, until, before her father's increasing bitterness, his tremulous, almost tearful invective, she recognized that she too, and all her friends and Jack's friends, and — Bunny — all the crowd of restless, unimpressed, critical wanderers home from the war — were guilty alike. The war had taken her father and put him firmly and not gently on one side, and in the new beginning of things after the war he had been forgotten. Like an old doll that you find in a cupboard. She was ashamed that she should think of her father like that, and angry with him for his wide attack on Jack and her and all of them. 'I 've been cheated, cheated, cheated' was still the refrain of her father's speech. The little luxuries on which he had counted until they became as necessities, a chance of munificence in patriarchal spirit, an orderly retrospect on life, and a comfortable patience for the future, the dignity of age — all these had been stripped from him, and it seemed that no one cared. He had so little of life left to him and the young so much. He was jealous of them, jealous, and they were indifferent even to his jealousy.

The whips were smarting now, and Jack too was standing, angry, expostulating, querulous. The war, the war, the war. There lay defense and attack for each in turn.

So fantastic were these two figures gesticulating and shouting before the fireplace, like leaping shadows of the flames, that Joan could not find them real. They were near to blows, her father and her brother; she knew that, and yet this bubbling anger, the down-dragging bitterness, and the roaring excitement were far away, impersonal. She looked at her mother. Mrs. Rusper sat stupefied, but there was a look in her eyes that Joan had seen once or twice during the war when she had been told of one more circumstantial horror, or of one more attack 'held up,' hung up in the cold mist of morning on wire and hidden machine-guns. What she pictured in the words she never said. But now it was the same look, and like a flash a word leaped to her daughter's mind. Mad. Mad. That was Mrs. Rusper's judgment. War — like that — in the misty morning; war like this before the fireplace. Men were mad, mad.

Her father was waving his arm toward the door; Jack's hands went into his pockets; through the spell which had been suddenly cast upon the two women, and still bound them, they heard a few broken words. 'I 'm finished with you — I am going — grown up — a bit steep after the war —' A door banged and the haze broke and lifted. Jack was no longer there. Her father was shaking, white; he was old, old, in a minute. She noticed — how had she never noticed before? — his pouched eyes and the trembling underlip like a baby's, an old baby's. Her eyes brimmed. Mr. Rusper turned and groped toward the door; he was seeing nothing but himself, thousands of himself in their homes everywhere, cheated, thrown on one side. Joan heard him moving in the dining-room. With the tears sliding down her face on to her knitting sat Mrs. Rusper. There was nothing to say, nothing to do. A word, and they would hear the argument again. And then — camps, hostile camps, once more. Glaring at each other over intervening years. Later on, of course, in a day or two, it would be smoothed down and made straight, and they could all begin again. Could they? There was the little devil of doubt whispering. The war stood between them like a wall, between father and son, mother and daughter. They had pretended that it

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united them; that was not true. At times their hands touched over it, and the wall disappeared, but now it stood high and rough and menacing and they shouted angrily and brooded suspicion. Lonely, lonely, each one of them.

The house was quiet at last, but in the silence the air still shook and quivered with spent passion. Joan sat in her room barefooted waiting for sleep. She thought of her mother. What comfortable words would she find for her father, face to face with him in the unjudging, all-comprehending intimacy of their room? It must be terrible to see men as her mother did. She shivered though her head was hot and her skin dry and tingling. Would sleep ever come, quietly, gently, over her throbbing heart?

She crossed to the window and opened it wide. The evening air moved by her like a moth, brushing her eyes and cheek with downy wings. Sweet it was, bearing the blossom-scent of musk from the garden which lay below her in velvety shadow.

In the firs at the garden-end stars were tangled deep in the branches, like silver balls. But up in the pale sky they were golden. That could not be a shooting star that fell across her eyes, like a lamp? A lamp! She remembered now those little lamps crossing and recrossing, loops and eddies of light high up in the darkness, the deep vibration of the engines, the patter of the machine-guns, and in the distance spurts of light orange and pink, and the heavy booming that choked. And that one lamp that went down spinning, first wide slow circles of light, narrower, narrower, a thin spiral, a swift plunge as a star falls in the sea, then trembling silence. Was it so that Bunny died? Alone up in the night, rings of silver against the black sky, and that plunging fall? She would have liked to talk now without having to explain, and with him she need never explain. 'Bunny, my dear love, Bunny!' Did she really speak the words, hoping as her eyes strained into the night that there could be an answer?

The wind turned on tiptoe and was blowing into her face now. She leaned from the window, drawn out tense by the stillness. Was she dreaming or did she hear far off a drowsy humming in the air, like a hornet droning by, but high above her and out of sight? Was that another star that floated again past her eyes, or — a lamp? It might be the air mail winging out on her late journey. But she was flying so high, her engines were only a sleepy song in the distance. See, too, she does not move away, hanging there, that tiny lamp. Hanging there before her eyes, far away yet somehow very near, friendly, like a signal. Pain held her a moment and she closed her eyes. The warm night wind touched her eyelids and her parted lips. There was a secret in the night. She must hear it, it is a whisper now, quite near, quite near! Listen! The pain ebbed from her like a tide, a sweet numbness flooded her, and she looked again for the friendly lamp, but it was gone.

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FRANCIS LEDWIDGE AND HIS POETRY

BY PADRAIC COLUM

From the *Irish Statesman, August* 30
(DUBLIN LITERARY AND POLITICAL WEEKLY)

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE'S is the poetry of the plain — specifically of the demesne land that is the County Meath. The land is beautiful under the light that gives its fields the greenness of jade, but it has scant variety of interest: fields, hedgerows, and streams; larks, blackbirds, and pigeons, with a castle or an ancient ruin among ivy-enwreathed trees, are what the eye of a poet would mostly note there. There are villages and people, of course, but the poet I have just been rereading might not approach the people unless they grouped themselves as people in an idyll.

He has been compared to Robert Burns, because his poetry came out of country life as seen through the eyes of a young man of the soil. But Francis Ledwidge saw country people and saw the country not at all in the way that Burns saw them. Indeed his genius was at the other side of Burns's — it was idyllic where Burns's was dramatic; Francis Ledwidge responded not to the tumult but to the charm of life; it was his triumph that he made us know the creatures of his world as things freshly seen, surprisingly discovered. The first poem in his first volume let us know the blackbird's secret: —

> And wondrous impudently sweet,
> Half of him passion, half conceit,
> The blackbird whistles down the street.

He finished the stanza with the line 'like the piper of Hamelin,' and spoiled it with a literary allusion. Too often, indeed, he gives us the hieroglyphics of literary tradition. It was the fault of a young country poet who had something of the hedge-school in his culture, but it was a fault that he would, most likely, have got away from — 'When will was all the Delphi I would heed,' 'Æolus whispers to the shadows,' 'Like Jason with his precious fleece anigh the harbor of Iolcos.' He discovered for us the blackbird's secret and he showed us the mystery that is in the slow-winged flight of the herons: —

> As I was climbing Ardan Mor
> From the shore of Sheelan lake,
> I met the herons coming down
> Before the water's wake.
>
> And they were talking in their flight
> Of dreamy ways the herons go
> When all the hills are withered up
> Nor any waters flow.

He did not attempt to conquer new forms, but he restored their graces to old ones. In 'To a Linnet in a Cage,' 'The Homecoming of the Sheep,' 'A Little Boy in the Morning,' and 'The Herons' he has left us lovely poems.

I have said that his genius was at the other side of Burns's. It was idyllic and akin to the genius of Theocritus. Indeed Francis Ledwidge was the Sicilian singer of our day, and it is probable that he would have made the discovery that Theocritus was his master.

I kept for a long time a letter that I had from him. It was a letter written in small back-sloping handwriting the winter before the Great War and was headed 'Janeville, County Meath.' I had a notion that Janeville was a cottage, rose-covered, and just off a country road. But I never saw Ledwidge's

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home. I had told him that I had never been at the Boyne in Meath, and had never seen the Brugh of Angus. His letter was to tell me that he would meet me at a place near his home and be my guide to the Brugh. I never made the journey with him. Then I saw him — it was for the last time — at Christmas. I met him in a street in Dublin with a writer whose death, like Ledwidge's, is an irreparable loss — the writer of *The Weaver's Grave*. We went to the back of a coffeehouse to have a talk. Francis Ledwidge had been out of Ireland for a while — he had been in Manchester, I think — and he was going back that evening to his home in Meath.

I well recall his big frieze overcoat and how — although he had no thought of entering the army at the time — he looked a young lance-corporal. He was a big-boned, ruddy-faced, handsome youth. He was boyish and eager that evening but with something of a drift in his mind. He had no notion of what he wanted to do with himself. The *Saturday Review* and the *English Review* were paying him four or five guineas for poems. He was pleased that he could show us he was getting such sums. All very well, but what was he going to do for a living? He had worked in a shop in Ireland and he had been doing something in England. These things were now over for him. Even the profession he was working to acquire — engineering — seemed too prosaic. I felt that he had a boyish notion that he might become a Byron and live magnificently on the sales of the books he was about to publish.

Silly stories were current about his origin and his employments. There was a suggestion that he was hardly literate. The publishers of his *Songs of the Field* informed the world that he had been a scavenger on the roads. Nothing of the sort. He struck me as the sort of boy who might have belonged to a good Irish farmer family. His education was probably better than the education of an American youth who has been through the ordinary college. I know he had been only in a National school in a country place. But the National school with all its drawbacks is — or was — capable of giving a boy a good literary education. It is because the eighteenth-century ideal still lingers in our country that such stress up to a while ago was laid on literary culture, and in many National schools an effort was made to give it. The old sixth book that a boy took two years to get through made for an exceptionally good training in English, and we may be sure that Francis Ledwidge got all the benefit of it. I remember hearing that as a little boy he had been found crying on one of the school benches. The boys in the class near him were reading aloud from *The Deserted Village*, and he had been overcome by the sound and the suggestion of the verse.

Lord Dunsany was Francis Ledwidge's great neighbor, and Lord Dunsany had made himself talked about on account of his enthusiasm for imaginative things. It was to Lord Dunsany that Francis Ledwidge took his first song-offerings. The elder poet helped him with his verse, eulogized him in Dublin, and influenced the important London reviews toward publishing his poems. This intervention put the youth of twenty with the poets of the day. For all this Francis Ledwidge had a personal loyalty to Lord Dunsany — the loyalty that the simple-hearted young Irishman always gives to the leader who captures his imagination. His entering the army was, I think, an expression of personal loyalty. At the opening of the war he joined the Inniskillings, the regiment in which Lord Dunsany was captain. Perhaps too the adventure he once sung of in the

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poem called 'After My Last Song' drew him: —

I want to see new wonders and new faces
Beyond East seas; but I will win back here
When my last song is sung, and veins are cold
As thawing snow, and I am gray and old.

He did see the wonders 'beyond East seas,' for he served two years with the Mediterranean force, in Gallipoli or in Saloniki. 'I am in France,' he writes in a letter that I have, a letter dated 11/7/17. 'I have been on active service for two and a half years, and France is the third front I have fixed my bayonet on.' Later he was flung into Flanders, where he became a casualty.

What the world now has of him is but his first song-offerings; the whole of his personality had not come under his control, and his verse-technique was not yet perfected. Let us be critical and say that he was unvarying and that he was immature. But we shall have to say too that in everything he wrote there was the shapely and the imaginative phrase. He wrote about simple and appealing things and he wrote about them in a way that leaves them for us as glimpses of beauty — 'Haw-blossoms and the roses of the lane,' 'Spring with a cuckoo upon either shoulder,' 'Maids with angel mien, bright eyes, and twilight hair,' 'The bloom unfolded on the whins like fire.' He knew the fields and hedgerows and he knew their haunters. Has anyone told us more about the blackbird, the magpie, the robin, or the jay-thrush?

And wondrous impudently sweet,
Half of him passion, half conceit,
The blackbird whistles down the street. . . .

Above me in their hundred schools
The magpies bend their young to rules. . . .

And here the robin with a heart replete
Has all in one short plagiarized rhyme.

The jay-thrush whistling in the haws for rain.

And now I shall quote one of the poems that appeal to me most: —

TO A LINNET IN A CAGE

When Spring is in the fields that stained your wing,
And the blue distance is alive with song,
And finny quiets of the gabbling spring
Rock lilies red and long,
At dewy daybreak I will set you free
In ferny turnings of the woodbine lane,
Where faint-voiced echoes leave and cross in glee
The hilly swollen plain.

In draughty houses you forget your tune,
The modulator of the changing hours;
You want the wide air of the moody noon,
And slanting evening showers.
So I will loose you, and your song shall fall,
When morn is white upon the dewy pane,
Across my eyelids, and my soul recall
From worlds of sleeping pain.

How fresh that is! In it are the Irish fields, and the heart of a youth who knew them well!

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RUDYARD KIPLING IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

BY R. THURSTON HOPKINS

From the *Bookman, October*
(LONDON LITERARY MONTHLY)

EVERY, or nearly every, morning in the summer months there appears on the hills of Burwash a sturdy man, whose skin has been tanned by sun and wind to the rich brown of the Sussex country-folk he loves so well; his forehead is round and fairly high, his pale blue eyes and the brow above them give his expression a piercing appearance. For the rest, his voice is firm and resonant, and his brown hair and stubbly moustache are partially shot with gray. He wears a battered soft felt hat and a homespun suit of plus-fours. Generally he carries an ash stick, and the average stranger meeting him would guess that he is a Sussex farmer.

That guess would be most inadequate, for this usually solitary figure is that of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who lives in an old farmhouse, has land under cultivation, but is, above everything else, one of the greatest of living story-writers, and Poet of the British Empire. The idea that he is a farmer, simply because he makes his home in an ancient farmhouse and owns land round about it, is of course fantastic.

After twenty-five years of residence at Burwash, Kipling has become so much a part of his agricultural background that people passing him on the road take no notice of him. Kipling, like the partridge squatting among the stubble, has become so toned to the weather-beaten farm where he lives as to be invisible.

This corner of Sussex is Kipling's idea of the fourth dimension. Here he stands upon ground that is essentially his own. Here he is at home, at peace, unassailed. To him the charm of the countryside is centuries deep. As he wrote in a preface to a book on motoring, some years ago, 'You know in Africa or America one has only to speed up and put the miles under, but here it is different . . . the dead, twelve coffin-deep, clutch hold of my wheels at every turn. . . . If I want petrol I must either pass the place where Sir John Lade lived or the garden where Jack Cade was killed. Sometimes I wonder that the very road does not bleed.'

Not far from the village of Burwash is Kipling's fine Tudor mansion, called 'Batemans.' It lies in a valley, and as you descend from the hill where the little church stands you pass into a cooler stratum of air. In summer the fields around the farm are spread with irregular patterns formed by clusters of dwarfed orchids, and the gleaming chalices of buttercups are uplifted in the mowing-lands. From the meadows comes a heavy chorus of bleating from sheep and lambs, and from the copses and the wild tangled depth of Kipling's old-world garden the numberless notes of birds. In the twilight the distant contralto of cuckoos, forming a continuous chain of sound, comes faintly from the woods. Nearer at hand there is a nightingale singing — a song which always draws Kipling from his study. He once said to a friend, 'That bird is a blackguard with a gift of music in his throat that he can't control, a noisy, swashbuckling blackguard of the gar-

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den. He comes here every night and proceeds to abuse all his enemies for all he's worth. It's feathered profanity in a disguise of harmony, and he gets so worked up over it that he finally ends in an inarticulate gurgle.'

Burwash Church is greatly admired by artists as well as by antiquarians, and it is faithfully described by Kipling in his volume of stories, *Puck of Pook's Hill*. Even nowadays the church is much as it was when wicked John Collins, the ironmaster, hid his guns in the church tower before sending them down to Port of Rye to sell to the King's enemies. Climbing up the narrow dark stairs to the bell loft the more than usually imaginative pilgrim will remember that old Collins the iron founder gave the church a new chime of bells — that is if we are to believe Kipling's story. After having been caught red-handed smuggling guns to Sir Andrew Barton, this crafty old forgemaster wriggled out of the hangman's hands and became filled with religious zeal — until the scandal had abated. He was somewhat of a wag, was Collins, and appreciated the humor of the situation. When the ringers had 'rung the new chime in' the old fellow pinched the bell rope: 'Sooner she was pulling yon clapper than my neck,' he said. That was all! Kipling remarks, 'That was Sussex . . . silly Sussex for everlasting!'

The most remarkable possession of the old church is the very rare ironwork slab which commemorates this waggish ironmaster. The inscription in long-tailed characters is much injured by long exposure to the tread of feet, but one can still make out the words: *Orate p. . . . annema John Colines*. Because this iron slab has been placed upright in the wall of the south aisle it is said that the ironmaster left directions that he was to be buried standing up in the wall, 'neither in the church nor out of it,' so that his master, 'the old 'un' (the Devil), could not get him when he died. Perhaps his side-sellings and by-dealings with the King's enemies weighed heavily on his conscience and would have prevented him from lying quietly in the usual grave like other good folk.

The sexton of Burwash Church is a part of the natural scene. The churchyard is his garden, and the pilgrim will generally find him there leaning on his broom or scythe. This old man with closely shaven, sunken lips is a humorist who pokes his joke at you coyly. His phrase for burials is 'putting 'em to bed with a spade.' He has many amusing anecdotes, and one is of an old-fashioned squire.

'I was gravedigger and Jack-at-a-pinch for all jobs in those days, and one morning I received a note from Squire Hussey to have the family vault opened to receive the body of his good mother who had departed this life. Lady Hussey, she was mightily respected, you mind, but she was cruelly suspected of being overmuch fond of a glass of genuine Jamaica. Well, then, when I opened the vault I found it so chuck-full of the old Hussey coffins that there would be no room for another of 'em. So I wrote a note to the Squire telling him Her Ladyship could not rest there as there was no room. But not being much of a scholar I wrote "rum" instead of "room." It was not long before the Squire was round to see me, with my note in his hand. I can see him now as he sat in my chair, booted and spurred, and wearing white-leather breeches. How he did laugh, too. "Anthony," he said to me, "this note of yours is funny enough to knock a lark out o' the sky. Oh Lord! Her Ladyship will not be wanting any more rum yet awhile!"'

Kipling is very faithful to the ancient names of the Sussex people, and employs them with a sure sense of portraiture of

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place in his books. Hal o' the Draft in *Puck of Pook's Hill* tells his friends that 'the Dawes have been buried for six generations' in Burwash Church. This name still lingers in the neighborhood, and the Dawes have always been noted for their skill in craftsmanship. The beautiful iron gates in the porch of Burwash Church were made by Master Dawe, a blacksmith at Franchise Farm, for the restoration of the church in 1856.

The small shingled spire of the church is quaint. The 'shingles' are wooden tiles made of hard butt oak pinned to the spire with oak pegs. During a dry summer they grow loose and will rattle in a most alarming way in the eddies of the wind. But they will never blow away. Every summer for two hundred years the wind has tried to displace them, but every summer they have held on till the rain has come to tighten them once again.

The old mill by Kipling's house will not fail to arrest attention. It appears in 'Below the Mill Dam' in his *Traffics and Discoveries*, and in several of the Puck stories. Alas, the old order changes! It is with feelings of genuine regret that we find a turbine in place of the old wheel which had clacked and ground her corn 'ever since Domesday Book.' The turbine now drives the electric-light plant for Kipling's house. It was in this mill that the wheel objected to being considered mechanically after she had been painted by five Royal Academicians!

The Dudwell, which flows at the back of 'Batemans,' supplies the water to the mill, and often in the winter time invades the gardens and lower rooms of the houses. The farmer who once had the Dudwell at the bottom of his garden has more often, in days of flood, his garden at the bottom of the Dudwell. Such a flood is described in the story, 'Friendly Brook.'

The glassy milldam with its dripping willows often reflects the pensive figure of Kipling with his rod searching for the crafty trout which abound in this pool. He enjoys the voluptuousness of the solitude here, which he has described as 'a sort of thick, sleepy stillness smelling of meadowsweet and dry grass.'

Under a wagon-shed near at hand stand several Sussex wains — a type of wagon which has not changed during the last five hundred years. With their gondola-shaped fronts and enormous wheels they look more in keeping with the wooden warships of a bygone age than with the motor-ploughs of a nineteenth-century farm. They are all inscribed: Kipling, Batemans Farm, Burwash. It was such wains as these that Sir John Pelham, of the story 'Hal o' the Draft,' sent to Burwash to carry the serpentines and demicannon to Lewes.

The fields roll up from Kipling's house to Pook's Hill as he has described in 'Weland's Sword' — and beyond the ground 'rises and rises for five hundred feet, till at last you climb out on the bare top of Beacon Hill . . . and the naked South Downs.' And is it not in one of the mighty hills of the Downs that Kipling confesses his soul to be: —

> I've given my soul to the Southdown grass,
> And sheep-bells tinkled where you pass.
> Oh! Firle and Ditchling an' sails at sea,
> I reckon you keep my soul for me.

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MORE LOST CLASSICS

BY HAROLD STANNARD

From the *Outlook, September 27*
(London Semi-Radical Weekly)

Though the reported discovery of the lost books of Livy has turned out a fiasco, it has stimulated interest in other classics that have disappeared. Greek literature as known to us forms but a fraction of Greek literature as known to a cultured Roman citizen of the second century A.D., and scholars have naturally asked whether the chances of time may not have destroyed greater masterpieces than they have preserved.

To this question it is possible to give a reassuring answer. The creative period of Greek literature ended with the age of Alexander, that is, about 300 B.C., and until thought became preoccupied with religious speculation some five centuries later, the work of the great Greek writers commanded the attention of the best critical minds throughout the Mediterranean world. The immense volume was sifted and its special achievements picked out, and it is these selected masterpieces which have mainly come down to us just because they were most widely read and therefore stood the best chance of survival.

This comforting argument can actually be tested. The three great tragic poets of Greece, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, each wrote about a hundred plays, from which ancient criticism selected in each case seven as outstanding. Apart from a few fragments, our knowledge of Æschylus and Sophocles is limited to the seven plays; but to the ancients, as to us, Euripides appeared peculiarly modern, and was therefore very popular, and one volume of a complete library edition has come down to us. By further good fortune the twelve plays which it contains do not include any of the selected seven. We are thus in a position to estimate the quality of ancient criticism, and there can be no doubt as to its soundness. It is true that one of the twelve plays, the *Trojan Women*, is occasionally given upon the modern stage. But that is because its theme, the futility of war, appeals strongly to our present mood. As a piece of drama the play is not in the same class with such a masterpiece as the *Medea*, one of the selected seven.

We may then feel reasonably satisfied that we have got the best of the Greek drama. But the plums are lamentably few, and we should specially appreciate the recovery of a complete manuscript of Æschylus, whom we can enjoy rather more fully than the ancients because of his spiritual kinship with the Hebrew prophets. As to the comic drama, we can only accept the ancient view that Aristophanes stands alone. We have nothing to judge him by, and should be thankful for a play or two by his leading rivals, and also for some specimens of the later comedy at present only known to us through the Latin translations made by Plautus and Terence.

The ancients were no archæologists. We know a great deal more about the origins of Greece and Rome than was known by the Greeks and Romans themselves, and if one of the scholars who worked in the Alexandrian library could come to life again he would be amazed at the attention now paid to in-

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cidental references to primitive Greece in Herodotus and Thucydides and at the extent to which their statements are confirmed by excavation. There was once a whole mass of literature which would have been invaluable for archæological work. Besides the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, there existed a complete cycle of poems of inferior merit covering the whole of the Trojan War. They have completely disappeared, and their recovery, though of minor literary importance, might well add as much to our knowledge as the excavation of another Knossos.

Another great gap lies in the field of lyric poetry. Pindar survives, possibly because he belongs to the literature of sport; and the text of Bacchylides was recovered some five and twenty years ago. But the romantic, passionate, individual lyric poem of which there are so many glorious examples in our own literature from Elizabethan times onward does not occur among the Greek classics. It may never have been written, but our scanty fragments of *Sappho* support the presumption that ancient criticism, which like all criticism was thoroughly unromantic, may have disdained a treasure.

Turning to philosophy, we have not much to complain about. The bulk of Plato has come down to us, and we are acquainted through later writers with the traditions of his school. For Aristotle we rely on a mass of lecture notes in which Aristotle's own material is sometimes indistinguishable from the contributions of his commentators. On the whole our knowledge of the master's work is adequate, but we should welcome further contributions by members of his school. For Aristotle was a scientist in the strict modern sense of the word, and it would be interesting to find out why his method had to wait two thousand years before coming into its own.

There is one other text whose recovery would make every humanist weep tears of joy. Alexander the Great was, when all is said and done, about the most remarkable man who ever lived on this planet. It may be that his genius would even be beyond our comprehension. But how much would be revealed to us by his correspondence, which was duly published and from which Plutarch occasionally quotes!

The Latin classics have fared somewhat better than the Greek. As literature, Vergil and Horace stand by themselves, and both have survived complete. Our worst loss is in the form of art which the Romans called Satire, really a literary medley not unlike the modern novel. There was, for example, Lucilius, of whom Horace said that he could knock off two hundred lines while standing on one leg — evidently a racy old gentleman. But if we could have our choice of lost Latin writings, we should select matter whose value was primarily historical, such as the diaries of the early Emperors and Empresses and the dispatches of provincial Governors — with perhaps a selection of Nero's poems to impart a literary flavor.

Finally as to religious literature. The Church was at pains to destroy everything heretical, so that Mithraism, which once disputed the future with Christianity, is known to us only from its monuments. It would be interesting to have the text of the Mithraic communion service.

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SOCIALIST CHRISTIANITY

BY DINO BONARDI

From *Critica Sociale, September* 16 and 30
(MILAN ACADEMIC SOCIALIST SEMIMONTHLY)

[THE source of this article, the leading Socialist weekly of Italy, makes it significant. It is evidently a sincere effort to interpret a phase of Socialist evolution that may prove important.]

THE wave of spiritual exaltation that thrilled the common people of Italy at the time of the memorial services for Giacomo Matteotti has tempted some Socialist writers to try to crystallize in definite form an idea that has occupied the minds of many thoughtful people for a considerable period — in fact, ever since opposition to Fascism has come to resemble a burnt offering that each individual lays upon the altar of his faith in goodness. The idea is that, at the root of all of this vast movement of the spirit, of the heart, of the political, social, and humanitarian mind that is the sap and the fruit of modern Democracy, there pulsates a vague current of religious faith.

Do not let this be misunderstood. We stand completely outside the boundaries of a religion conceived in the formulas of this or that organized church, and symbolized by rites, ceremonies, prayers, and sacrifices of a more or less material nature. We stand rather under an open vault of heaven unobscured by any artifice of man, sharing its solemnity with no physical altar, where we worship and obey the purest impulses of the spirit, where religious emotion derives its authority solely from a moral imperative that transcends any man-formulated dictate to the conscience.

A person who has followed the evolution of Socialist sentiment since the eve of the war — that is, from the day when every command of the conscience and of the heart was either silenced or blatantly repudiated by a renascent savagery that pledged mankind to an unexpectedly revived faith in a religion of brute force — has had abundant time and opportunity to observe how consistently many of the leaders of that movement have sought to find a clue and an inspiration for their own conduct in the contemplation of the world's sorrow and suffering. Immense — immeasurable, indeed — has been the torture of the world, which the tragic breaches opened by a war of nations in the moral structure of humanity revealed in all its agonizing amplitude. It is true that sensitiveness to the immediate suffering caused by the war was deadened. Even more ominous than this callousness, however, was the growth, from the very eve of the conflict, of a state of mind — or, better said, of a state of feeling — that viewed this suffering, not in the light of man's duty to do the utmost in his power to stop it, or at least to mitigate it, but as if there might miraculously emerge from the world's torment some fair vision of the future of humanity.

Let us see now how one section of the Socialists acted with resolute devotion, with that serene and mystical composure which the martyrdom of Giacomo Matteotti illustrates in its highest phase, to strike at the roots of this

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Moloch-worship, and to mitigate — to be sure, when it was already too late — its bloody consequences.

At first glance an insuperable contradiction seems to exist between the past beliefs of the men who were driven by moral compulsion to take the lead in this crusade and the mystical spirit that the crusade invoked. Indeed, the men who witnessed the hurricane that overturned and swept away the uttermost foundations of morality and humanity viewed with horror in their hearts the catastrophe that had overwhelmed the world. Seeing every canon of human sympathy, or even of perfunctory charity for their fellow men, outraged and scorned by a generation trained in the cult of force, they sought to stay the complete disintegration of society by an appeal to the principle of class solidarity — that last barrier against utter anarchy.

These men had graduated from the school of positivism. They were heirs of the nineteenth century, prophets of progress, deifiers of agnosticism, confident optimists who accepted without question the purely material standards that the most brilliant and happy age in history had taught them — standards that measured the highest attainments of human society in their time. How, then, with this inheritance and education behind them, could these men be expected, even unwittingly, to lead mankind back to the uncorrupted teaching of Christ?

Yet the contradiction, on closer scrutiny, was only superficial. The age of positivism had professed, in the very climax of its glory, ethical ideals that have their ultimate roots in Christian doctrine.

That age unsparingly condemned all the political and moral canons which the bold and brazen philosophers of the following period, when dark clouds had overcast the mental horizon of Europe, were wont to deify; and it paid consistent homage to the ideals that we express in benevolence, consideration for others, the disparagement of all that springs from or owes its prestige to force. This implies, furthermore, that positivism, faithful to its method of inquiry and to its interpretation of life as a process of gradual evolution, making To-day invariably the child of the premises of Yesterday, had adopted and made its own ethical possession the essential teachings of Christ — those that found the most immediate response in the smug social conscience of the day.

Positivism — that roomy philosophical edifice under whose secure protection the Democratic or Social-Democratic movement was born — therefore adopted as its ethical outlook definite premises and attitudes of Christian teaching, in so far as these had become an organic part of the social conscience. Those ideals that humanity has acquired in the course of history which tend to heal the ills of mankind and to cultivate a sense of brotherhood among peoples, are of Christian origin. It is useless labor to try to refute their source by captious argument, even though they have eventually become part of diverse and occasionally antagonistic social movements.

This explains how, since some time back and quite unconsciously, Social Democracy, or Conservative Socialism, or Reformism,— by whichever name we call it,— the most promising ethico-political movement of the last four decades, has been developing into a fusion of Christian idealism with other, strictly Democratic, concepts. It is true that, whenever our memory turns back to the early and vivid phases of our experience with Socialism as a political movement, the familiar and typical war-cries again echo in our ears: Liberty! Justice! Equality! They

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were proclaimed incessantly. They rose above the dust of political campaigns and of our orderly and disorderly assemblies; they were constantly repeated in our private gatherings; they were whispered with the clear accent of conviction into the ear of each man's conscience. They summarized the sense and synthesis of the whole vast urge of humanity toward a distant light. But older than these campaign cries, and hallowing them with a higher meaning universally felt though seldom expressed, was another concept that spiritualized them and gave them their vital appeal to the human heart — the concept of goodness.

The idea of goodness — *bontà* — was truly interwoven from the first with the premises of the Social-Democratic movement as it slowly emerged from shadow into light. It gave point to the teaching — not inappropriately called evangelical — of those leaders who were filled with an emotional *pathos* that enabled them to identify so marvelously the teacher and the taught. Under a different aspect it revealed itself in the rigidly moral outlook on life, the stern ethical appeal, upon which the Socialist doctrine of other leaders rested.

These men consistently sought the highest. Under the unclouded skies of the nineteenth century, when no one disputed the finality of Christian ethics, they appealed implicitly to that authority in their campaign to broaden the rights of man. Later, when black storm-clouds gathered and the tempests of national hatred completely obscured Christianity's guideposts to the conscience, they testified to their faith in their own persons.

This explains the joy of sacrifice, the fervor of martyrdom, the willingness to lay down their lives, that a handful of men — banded together now to resist the violence of the Right and of other extremists — have made the guiding principle of their conduct. This is the spirit that is revealed at its best in the martyrdom of Giacomo Matteotti.

Unquestionably the conduct of a group of men who thus sacrifice themselves for the sake of conscience is inspired by something that we are accustomed to think of as the religious spirit, something that transcends that tiny physical entity that we call our personality, something that proclaims anew to the world that only the ideal is true: —

. . . Tu solo, o Ideal, sei vero.

And perchance, therefore, this likewise is true: that within certain modest limits Social Democracy stands face to face with what the world most eagerly seeks to-day: a moral command as imperative as it is gentle — dare I say a new Christianity?

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE OLD MAN'S SHOP

BY HILTON BROWN

[*The Second Lustre*]

When I am old and pensioned and retired
And permanently laid upon the shelf,
With naught expected of me or required,
Wot ye how I shall occupy myself?

Not golf, not golf, for that way madness lies,
Not books or music or the insipid joys
Of cards or chess — nay, vastly otherwise;
I shall acquire a little shop of toys. . . .

There shall I keep unending holiday,
Drawing delight from children's happy eyes,
And, dealing fairly, earn the right to play
Myself of evenings with my merchandise. . . .

But when the right child comes with eager tread
Heart-set on some most costly toy of all,
And the right mother sadly shakes her head —
I will make magic and the price will fall.

And when small grubby faces at the pane
Proclaim the envious waif, the wistful stray,
These shall be made to enter my domain,
And shall not go unsatisfied away. . . .

THE SEA

BY HENRY KING

[*Adelphi*]

I know the sea, when to the golden sun
Each shoreward-rolling and triumphant wave
Curves a green trembling window, and anon
Like a sick child shivers the gift she gave
In gems of splintering foam; and I have heard
Her softest whisper, trod her firmest sand,
Plunged her cool depths until my eyes were blurred
With bliss of being, in a faëry land.
Yet though she smile never so lovingly,
Still the salt taste of death is on her lips,
And in the mirror of her waves I see
A darkling presage of the dread eclipse
When she shall give her dead, the company
Which loved her and went down to her in ships.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FALSE TEETH

A SALE of Clinton family papers, at Hodgson's in London, brings to light several very interesting letters by George Washington, and other correspondence relating to the American Revolution. Admiral the Honorable George Clinton was Governor of New York from 1741 to 1751, and Sir Henry Clinton, after fighting at Bunker Hill in 1775, became Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America three years later. The personal papers that they added to the family archives include the most interesting American material.

The Washington letters were captured by the British, and eventually reached the Commander-in-Chief, who carried them along home with him when he returned to England. One, addressed to Doctor Barker of Philadelphia and dated May 29, 1781, probably amused English Headquarters very much when it came in, for the Father of his Country was having trouble with his teeth. He writes to his dentist: —

A day or two ago I requested Colonel Harrison to apply to you for a pair of pincers to fasten the wire of my teeth. I hope you furnished him with them. I now wish you would send me one of your scrapers, as my teeth stand in need of cleaning, and I have little prospect of being in Philadelphia.

The teeth which needed such drastic treatment were false ones of the type then used — two solid blocks of ivory, hand-carved to fit the mouth, and held in place by metal springs. They certainly do not sound comfortable, and the General does not appear to have found them so.

Washington, of course, was at heart a Virginian planter who spent as much time on his Virginia estates as the affairs of his country permitted. This gives a peculiar interest to a letter written from New Windsor on March 28, 1781, to his friend Lund Washington. This too was intercepted by the British, so that Lund never learned that

If Mr. Triplet has got as much land as he has given, and you have paid him the cash difference, with the proper allowance for the depreciation since the bargain was made, I am at a loss to discover the ground of his complaint; and if men complain without cause it is a matter of no great moment. It always was and is now my wish to do him justice, and if there is anything lacking in it delay not to give full measure of justice, because I had rather exceed than fall short.

Washington is also full of inquiries as to how things are going on the farm. Although these questions were captured by the British, Washington seems to have inquired anew. At any rate, the British presently captured another letter, in which Washington refers to a reply to his inquiry about the lambs: —

How many lambs have you had this spring?

How many colts are you like to have?

Is your covered way done?

Are you going to repair the pavement of the piazza?

Is anything doing, or like to be done, with respect to the wall at the edge of the hill in front of the house?

Have you made good the decayed trees at the ends of the house, or the hedges, and so forth?

Give me a list of the number and kind of mares I possess, the number of colts from four years (inclusive) to those of this spring, with their ages, color, and kind.

Mrs. Washington has taken a fancy to a

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horse belonging to Mr. James Cleveland. If you can get him in the way of barter, and if he is of the color of the set she drives, I shall be very pleased.

The collection contains many other interesting documents, among which the most important is a special bundle of letters and manuscripts by Major John André, Sir Henry Clinton's Adjutant-General, who was captured by the Americans and hanged as a spy on October 2, 1780. There is one gallant letter in which André acknowledges that he made a technical error in exchanging his uniform for civilian clothes, and there are also many manuscript poems written during his imprisonment.

✠

TOKYO'S NEW IMPERIAL THEATRE

TOKYO'S most famous theatre, the Imperial, is one of the first buildings in the city to rise from bleak shell left from last September's disaster. Professor T. Yokogawa, the designer of the original theatre, has made several changes in the new building. Abandoning the resplendent gilt trimmings in the worst Western taste, he has finished the new auditorium in oak paneling, which is much quieter and more restful and leaves nothing to distract the eyes of the audience from the spectacle on the stage. The upholstery on the seats is in quiet tones, and the aisles are covered with heavy carpeting designed to muffle footfalls. The whole emphasis of the scheme is placed on quiet restfulness and comfort.

Professor Yokogawa has more or less taken up German ideas of theatre architecture in abandoning the row of boxes on the mezzanine floor. There are only two, one on each side of the proscenium arch, and these are for the use of the Imperial family. Behind each box there is a private waiting-room.

The Imperial theatre has a revolving stage of the most modern design, making it possible to set several scenes at once, thus doing away with long waits between the acts. Popular as this device has been among the most advanced German managers, the Tokyo theatre has not had to copy it from them, but has merely developed an ancient custom of the Japanese stage, where the revolving platform has long been known.

For the first few days after the new theatre was finished it was reserved for private performances celebrating the eighty-eighth birthday of Baron Okura, to which admission was by invitation only. For the public opening the celebrated Chinese actor, Mei Lan Fang, brought over his famous Peking company. This was his second appearance in Tokyo, where he has not appeared for five years. After this the regular November plays by a Japanese company began, and will continue until December 1, when the violinist Zimbalist, who is now in Java, will appear. The rest of the winter will be given over to Japanese companies, until March, when an Italian grand-opera company from Milan will occupy the house for eighteen days. In May, Mary Garden will give a series of concerts.

✠

THOMAS HARDY, DRAMATIST

A YEAR or two ago Mr. Thomas Hardy wrote a short play which was produced by a company of local amateurs and later found its way to London. Now the distinguished novelist is permitting a stage version of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* to see the footlights.

The dramatization is the author's own work, which has been locked away for some twenty years. It consists of four acts and an after-scene. The play opens in Tess's home at Marlot after the disastrous encounter with Alec

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d'Urberville, and ends at Stonehenge in the early morning when Tess and Claire are found by the police. The manuscript has been given to the Dorchester Hardy Players for a public performance this month.

✽

ENGLISH IN JAPANESE SCHOOLS

JAPANESE English has a quaint and curious quality entirely its own, though it is probably not half so quaint nor half so curious as English Japanese must sound. The difficulty is that although English is a compulsory study, except in primary schools, throughout the Empire, it is usually given under Japanese teachers. In other words, it is about as bad as the average instruction in French and German in American public schools.

Mr. E. V. Gatenby, one of the comparatively few Englishmen teaching his native language in Japan, recounts in *T. P.'s Weekly* some of the difficulties he has experienced. Japanese students have immense English vocabularies, but little practice in speaking. They are quite capable of turning Shakespeare into Japanese, but not of speaking modern English. On one occasion he asked for a prose paraphrase of Tennyson's 'Break, break, break.' From the replies that came in he has pieced together this version which, it is only fair to say, is a combination of mistakes of various pupils: —

Rupture, rupture, rupture, on your stones of low temperature, colored like ashes, I say, sea! I wish to vomit out all thoughts which come up me. How happy it is for the boy supported by the man who lives by fishing — the piscatory child shrieking with his sister at play! Ah well, the navigator's youth sings in his boat on the inlet. The dignified vessels advance to their paradisiacal destination beneath the eminence less than a mountain! How I long for the touch of a dead man's hand — the hand that vanished when I touched it — and the narrow passage of water of a voice that is quiet. Spray, spray, become discontinuous at the lowest point of your cliffs, O Ocean! But the tender grass which grows at the seashore is withered, so the grass never grows at the seashore.

Here are the replies in English of various pupils to questions asked in English: —

Q. What do you light a cigarette with?

A. (1) Yes, I like it very much. (2) With hand.

Q. What is the last letter of the English alphabet?

A. (1) Yours truly. (2) Yours faithfully. (3) Zoölogical Gardens.

Q. Why do we use mosquito nets?

A. (1) To catch a bird. (2) It is used to protect the mosquito.

Q. What is an alarm-clock?

A. (1) Arm clock is tied by the arm. (2) If you put it at 6.50 to berst, it will be berst.

Q. Is lead very hard, or is it comparatively soft?

A. The legs are comparatively soft.

Q. What metre is Tennyson's 'Ulysses' written in?

A. (1) In diameter. (2) Thermometer. (3) It is written in meterphor.

✽

'MRS. WARREN' REACHES THE ENGLISH STAGE

AFTER thirty years of proscription Bernard Shaw's play, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, is at last to appear upon the London stage. It has been produced in America, France, and Russia, — and probably in Germany, where Shaw has always been popular, — but in England, where the censorship has come down straight from Shakespeare's day, it has been rigidly forbidden the stage, though — as the censorship does not extend to books — it was published long ago. Mr. Shaw's comment is characteristic: —

'The news is only too true. Now that I have reached the venerable age of sixty-eight in the odor of sanctity,

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the Lord Chamberlain lets loose on me a terrible play written thirty years ago, when I was a young tiger fearing neither God nor man — a play which I was depending on him to keep locked up so that I might end my days in peace. I cannot forbid its performance, because it is as true and needed to-day as in 1894, but my personal feeling as to the licence is "Better never than late."'

✽

BERNARD SHAW AND THE BULGARIAN

BERNARD SHAW has fallen foul of the Bulgars again. There is nothing remarkable about this discouraging fact, because Mr. Shaw has been *persona non grata* in Bulgaria ever since he first wrote *Arms and the Man*. Neither did Oscar Straus's operetta, *The Chocolate Soldier*, which was based on the Shaw play, soothe the susceptibilities of the sensitive Bulgar.

Whenever either play or operetta is produced anywhere in Southern Europe there is sure to be a Bulgarian in the audience who protests vigorously.

Lately there was a Berlin production of *Arms and the Man* which led to diplomatic representations by the Bulgarian Minister, until finally Shaw's text had to be cut. This led to the following letter from Mr. Shaw, which was published in the *Berliner Tageblatt:* —

I greatly regret that my play, *Arms and the Man*, has wounded the susceptibilities of Bulgarian students in Berlin and Vienna. But I ask them to remember that it is the business of the writer of a comedy to wound the susceptibilities of his audience.

The classical definition of his function is 'the chastening of morals by ridicule.' Athens has to submit to the mortification of its *amour propre* by Aristophanes, France by Molière, Norway by Ibsen, Ireland by Synge, and both Ireland and England, to say nothing of the rest of the world, by me.

This means that comedy is possible only in a highly civilized country; for in a comparatively barbarous one the people cannot bear to have their follies ridiculed, and will tolerate nothing but impossibly brave and virtuous native heroes overthrowing villainous opponents, preferably foreign ones. Civilized audiences enjoy being made to laugh at themselves, and recognize how salutary that exercise is for them. Civilized Bulgarians enjoy *Arms and the Man* as much as German audiences do, and indeed more, as they are more directly interested.

Barbarous Bulgarians (Bulgaria, like other nations, has its rustics and its barbarians) behave exactly as my own countrymen behaved when Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* was performed in Dublin: they are infuriated by what seems to them to be a personal insult.

There are evidently many barbarians among the Bulgarian students in Berlin and Vienna (we are all a little barbarous at their age); but as the credit of their country's civilization is in their hands in Berlin, I appeal to them to sit and smile and applaud like the rest, even if they feel that they would like to shoot me, as many people do in England and America.

They will notice that the brave and honorable Major Sergius Saranoff does not shoot Captain Bluntschli, though he sees well enough that the Captain is laughing at his romanticism, and even forcing him to laugh at it himself. I want the Bulgarian students to laugh at it too.

I know, of course, that libraries and electric bells and houses with more than one floor, and consequently with flights of stairs in them, are no longer the novelties they were in 1885. And the days are gone by when it is possible to assassinate Stambuloff for the reason (among others) that he did not wash his hands often enough.

But I can hardly believe that any Bulgarian student, however innocent, believes that the generation of Bulgarians who were just struggling out of centuries of Turkish oppression were able to enjoy all the refinements which are matters of course nowadays.

When the Bulgarian students, with my sincerely friendly assistance, have developed a sense of humor, there will be no more trouble.

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BOOKS ABROAD

These Eventful Years (The Twentieth Century in the Making). Edited by Franklin H. Hooper. London: Encyclopædia Britannica Co., Ltd.; New York: Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc., 1924.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

THE purpose of these two fat volumes, prepared in America, and issued under the ægis of the Encyclopædia Britannica Company, is so big as to run the risk of being called grandiose. It is nothing less than to establish and standardize the history of the world for the last quarter of a century — to collect together an account of what has been happening to us during the twentieth century, so that we may have an opportunity of freeing our minds of cant and propaganda, and of seeing things clearly for ourselves.

As we read through the list of contributors, two points are borne in upon us. The first is that the compilers could hardly have made a better attempt at their task, could hardly have collected together a more representative gathering of able contributors; the second is that their task was not in itself capable of being carried through successfully. As we read Mr. J. L. Garvin's brilliant and entirely characteristic account of the history of these twenty-four years, or the accounts of the Jutland Battle from the pens of the two opposing admirals, or the articles of experts written on scores of subjects from scores of points of view, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that *These Eventful Years* will be chiefly valuable to the historian of the future as one of the quarries whence will come the raw material which he must shape. We are still too close to these events for the cleverest and the most brilliant of us to be able to look very far ahead; we cannot see the wood for the trees.

But when this is said, the value of the book as a collection of contemporary informed opinion on every kind of human endeavor is very great.

[*Sunday Times*]

THESE two volumes attempt the almost impossible task of telling us the truth about the tragic and epoch-making events of recent years. Quite obviously it is not the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is rather the truth as seen by a number of the leading thinkers and writers of the age, who, often disagreeing violently among themselves, shed a penetrating searchlight upon the great questions of the twentieth century, and incidentally stress the difficulty of getting down to the 'brass tacks' of international controversies.

Within the scope of these fourteen hundred pages, eighty-four chapters, contributed by authorities drawn with impartiality from many countries, the reader is led from a general sketch of this young century's history, through the causes and developments of the World War, on to its results — political, economic, social, legal, scientific, and literary. Taking up the justifiable attitude that the enormous development of propaganda during the great conflict placed falsehood at a premium, the editor, Mr. Franklin H. Hooper, has insisted upon an authoritative statement of the facts as known and sometimes as here divulged for the first time. With these, however, he permits his authors to mingle their opinions, and thus sets the reader himself in the seat of judgment and charges him with the thoughtful duty of summing up the evidence.

The American contributors include such well-known names as Colonel House, Mr. Brand Whitlock, Admiral Sims, Mr. Bernard Baruch, Mr. Hamilton Fish Armstrong, and Mr. Charles M. Schwab. Great Britain supplies, among others, the Viscountess Rhondda, Mr. Philip Snowden, Sir John Marriott, Brigadier-General Sir Percy Sykes, Sir Valentine Chirol, Sir Harry Johnston, Mr. J. L. Garvin, Mr. St. John Ervine, and Mr. H. G. Wells, who writes a suggestive chapter on 'A Forecast of the World's Affairs.' The foreign contributors include MM. Léon Bourgeois and Albert Thomas, Signor Nitti, Professor Sigmund Freud, Dr. Nicholas Jorga, Dr. Maximilian Harden, and Dr. Wellington Koo.

A Knight's Life in the Days of Chivalry, by W. C. Meller. London: Laurie, 1924. 30*s*.

['Librarian' in the *Saturday Review*]

I HARDLY know what to say of *A Knight's Life in the Days of Chivalry*. It has a fault particularly irritating to me — frequent misprints in the authorities and references given; but on the other hand it ought to be counted to the author for righteousness that he gives his authorities at all. I don't like 'the writer Hallam'; as a form of reference to the great historian it is a lapse of taste. But beyond this, and taking the aim of the author into consideration, I have nothing but praise for the book as an introduction to the life of chivalry as it is represented in romance and narrated in history. It makes very good reading and will be an almost inexhaustible mine for romance-writers; but historical students must take heed not to confuse the modes of thought of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries with the factitious sentiments of the fifteenth. For general

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reading there is no book in the language one half so comprehensive, or so near the authorities, for what they are worth.

Murder and Its Motives, by F. Tennyson Jesse (a grandniece of Lord Tennyson). London: Heinemann, 1924. 8*s.* 6*d.*

[*English Review*]

SOME day, when we are civilized, we shall all be accessories before the fact, so that murder — including collective murder — will be a horrible memory of the past. Now, as Miss Tennyson Jesse reminds us, 'everyone loves a good murder,' while the study of murder is the legitimate business of every alienist, criminal investigator, actor, and author. This author's study of murder and its motives does some spade work toward the beginnings of comprehension of a subject in which all the world is, quite unscientifically, interested, and as such it will be read by a number of people who find in the stimulating drama of killing an irresistible attraction. The author has taken six notable cases to illustrate the category into which the motives of murder may be divided; they are all of them typical, and all presented with careful fullness of detail and with psychological insight. That Miss Jesse has gone into her subject with care, her bibliography at the end of the volume proves, but the average reader need not shrink from this as a merely scientific work; it is a bit of grim story-telling of extraordinary force and lucidity, a popular introduction to the study of criminology.

American Shrines on English Soil, by J. F. Muirhead. London: The Dorland Agency, Ltd., 1924. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*]

MANY Americans were expected to join the recent Advertising Convention in London, and this tempting volume was designed against their arrival. A charming color-plate of Sulgrave Manor, the sixteenth-century home of the Washingtons, forms the frontispiece. There are many delightful illustrations, including a loose map of England with the shrines marked in red, and Elizabethan vessels and dragonlike fishes in the water. Dr. Muirhead, for thirty years editor of Baedeker's Guidebooks, has written a book that will appeal to a wide public in both English-speaking countries. Many of us, surely, will be tempted to visit Penn's Meeting House at Peckham — now a tobacconist's shop, the Harvard Chapel at Southwark Cathedral, General Wolfe's House at Westerham, and that poignant legacy of the war, the official American Cemetery at Woking, where close on 500 crosses mark the graves of Americans who died on this side. A book that will interest Americans and help English people to recover England.

Essays by Divers Hands. Published for the Royal Society of Literature. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1924. 7*s.*

[*Observer*]

THE Royal Society of Literature has published a new volume, the fourth, of papers read before it by its fellows. These *Essays by Divers Hands* cover a wide field, from such technical matters as Mr. R. W. Ramsey's discussion of Dante's failure to appreciate St. Louis or Sir Henry Newbolt's comparison of Scott's *Ivanhoe* and Peacock's *Maid Marian* to a topic of such general interest as Professor Holland Rose's paper on Chivalry on the Sea. It is gratifying to our national pride to learn that maritime chivalry appears to have originated with the great Elizabethan seamen. Literary criticism is represented by Professor Warwick Bond's plea for narrative poetry. We fear there is some substance in his complaint that modern reviewers concern themselves too much with abstract theory or technical detail, and too little with the poet and his poetry; but hard is the lot of the critic who lives in a transitional age. Mr. Edmund Gosse adroitly covers all the essays in his introduction; a reviewer can scarcely imagine the horror with which he has noted that 'Aedipus' was not corrected in proof.

BOOKS MENTIONED

BROWN, HILTON. *The Second Lustre.* Oxford: Bernard Blackwell, 1924.

EDWARD, A. TRYSTAN. *Good and Bad Manners in Architecture.* London: Philip Allen & Co. 1924. 6*s.*

FEMMEN, EDO. *Labour's Alternative: The United States of Europe, or Europe, Ltd.* London: Labour Publishing Company, 1924. 3*s.*

HALLER, PROFESSOR JOHANNES. *Aus dem Leben des Fürsten Philipp zu Eulenburg-Hertefeld.* Berlin: Gebrüder Paetel Verlag, 1924.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

KEYSERLING, COUNT HERMANN. *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher.* Translated from the German by J. Holroyd Reece. Two volumes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1924. Probable price $10.00.

PIEPENBRING, CHARLES. *The Historical Jesus.* Translated by Lilian A. Clare. London: Allen and Unwin, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

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This Week

'What,' asks the inquisitive Mr. Brisson, 'is the public?' The answer seems to be that it is a bunch of morons; 'put five hundred Renans in a theatre, and the average intelligence of the lot is a janitor' — that is the burden of this cynical Frenchman's chanson. But we democratic Americans know better.

* * *

The German Government has been placed in such a ridiculous position that it has again become necessary to talk about war guilt. Books of every color in the rainbow are quoted, the only drawback being that they are composed entirely of lies — at least that is what the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung's* learned correspondent asserts, and who are we to deny it?

* * *

This is for the benefit of those between whose scalp and eyebrows there is no great distance. When Professor Wolfgang von Weisl suddenly and for no good reason attempts to blast you from your chair with the question, 'Who are the Wahhabis?' simply hold on tight and reply that they are none other than the iconoclasts of Islam who were but yesterday battering at the gates of Mekka. When that fact has been digested you will be qualified to read an extremely illuminating article on religious fanatics in the Near East whose views coincide strangely with those of the Honorable Andrew J. Volstead.

* * *

Francis Ledwidge hailed from County Meath, where he was a neighbor of Lord Dunsany's. The elder bard used to help his young friend place his poems, which sometimes fetched as much as four or five guineas apiece. Padraic Colum gives us a brief critique of Ledwidge's work, together with a few samples.

* * *

Professor Haller recalls a certain halcyon day when the Kaiser promised to keep his mouth shut and 'use it only for eating and drinking.' That was back in the naughty nineties, and like so many manifestations of the period it has long been forgotten. But Philipp zu Eulenburg-Hertefeld is still remembered as an expert in exposé, not only by the aristocracy of Europe, but by the corresponding class in this country who have followed Philipp's fortunes in the *Living Age*.

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HAVE you ever thought about this question of American art?

Many people have written to Royal Cortissoz asking advice and information about the study of it.

And in the November number of Scribner's Magazine, Mr. Cortissoz devotes his columns of "The Field of Art" to answering some of these queries and sketching out the point of view from which to look at American art.

This number concludes the first year of Royal Cortissoz's editorship of "The Field of Art." It has become increasingly interesting and popular with the appearance of each issue.

He sticks close to home and discusses the artistic currents in America.

There is nothing "high-brow" about this distinguished critic. He devoted one of his articles to the appreciation of quantity-production furniture and the one last month was devoted to American architecture and what big business has done for it.

In this big, hustling, ungainly America, there are impulses toward beauty. And in large measure there is something fresh, new, original about them. It is these that Mr. Cortissoz records and discusses.

His department is an interesting commentary on art everywhere, new and old, but it is mainly a reflection of a phase of life in America today which should not be neglected.

You do not have to belong to an art club or other organization to study American art. The means lies in yourself. And help comes from Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Just as we write this, there comes a letter from a man who says that he has learned more about books and authors from William Lyon Phelps's "As I Like It" in Scribner's Magazine than he ever knew before.

It is not only books, but human nature that Phelps talks of. He is now in Europe. On leaving this country, he said "I shall continue to discuss books, both European and American, and human nature which knows no national boundaries."

"As I Like It" in the November number touches upon a variety of topics, all of which are brighter for the touch.

* * *

The November number of Scribner's Magazine is noteworthy, too, for two articles which present a new view of mankind and a new possibility of the course of civilization:

"The New History — H. G. Wells and Voltaire" by Albert Guérard and "The Coming Commonwealth of the Pacific" by Ramsay Traquair.

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And two delightfully amusing essays — "Temperance Novels" by Edmund Lester Pearson and "Kids and Campaigns" by Walter Lincoln Whittlesey.

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Not to mention "Women Who Do Not Vote" by Sarah Schuyler Butler and a dozen other features and stories.

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